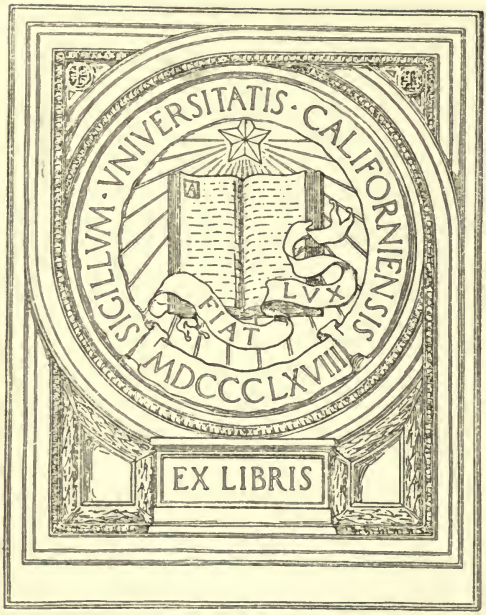
WEIGA of TEMAGAMI

UC-NRLF
B 3 325 275

by Cy Warman


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

955
W277
W

WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI

AND OTHER

INDIAN TALES

Cy Warman

WEIGA of TEMAGAMI

And Other Indian Tales

by

CY WARMAN

Author of The Last Spike

Tales *of* an Engineer Etc.

McLEOD & ALLEN

TORONTO - - - - - - PUBLISHERS

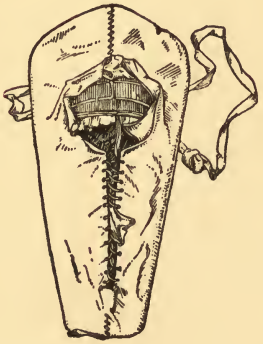
Copyright, 1908
By H. M. Caldwell Co.

Published simultaneously in the United States,
Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions

Colonial Press
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.
Boston, U. S. A.

TO

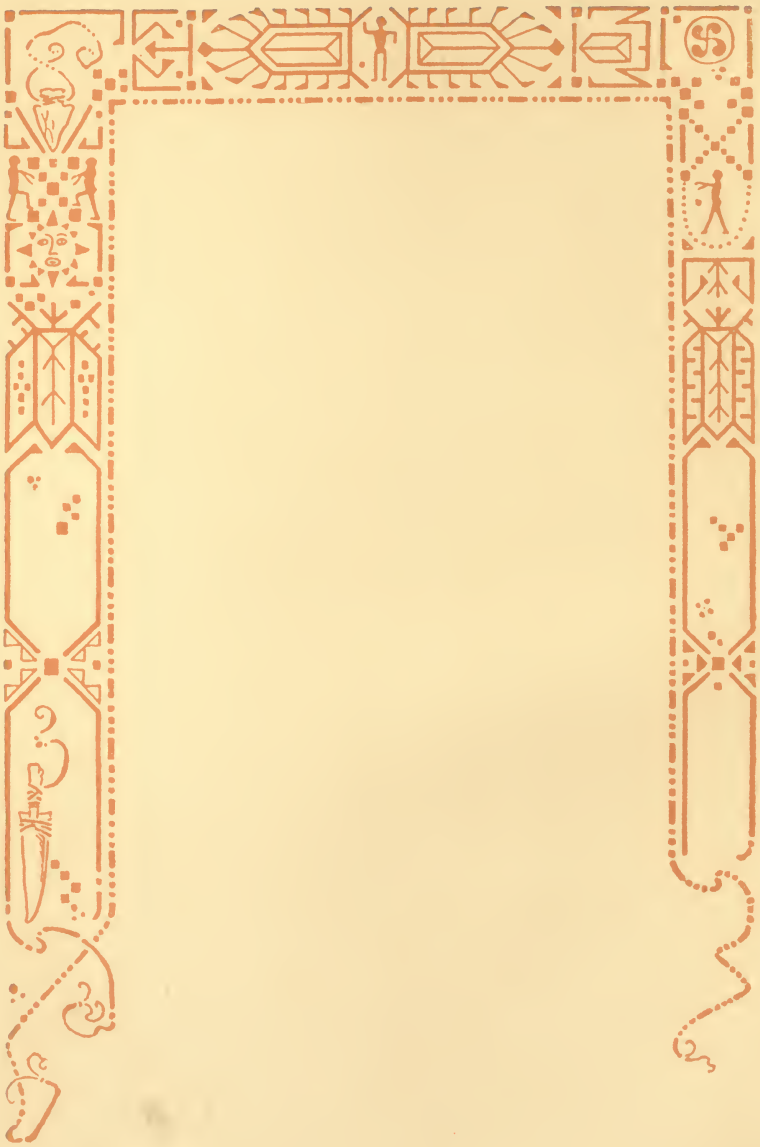
Vonda Marie Warman



914507

Contents

	PAGE
Gitche Manito	xiv
Weiga of Temagami	15
A Universal Love Song	29
"The Welcome of the Wild"	31
Little Papoose	52
The Cross of the Cree	54
An Ojibway Mother's Cradle Song	68
Fannie	69
Sawing Wood	81
The Lit le Bird and the Blacksmith	83
Back to the Wild	91
Sabo	92
The Slaughter	104
The Heathen	106
Red and White	114
How God Made Temagami	116
Hoskaninni's Ghost	125
The Belle of Athabasca	128
The Search for Gold	144
Chekko and Uncle Ben	145
When Manuelito Died	176
Eleven Hours of Afternoon	178
The Woes of Huntin'-Trouble	185
Lanuna	199



List of Illustrations

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF CY WARMAN .	*Frontispiece*
THE MUTE MONARCH OF THE WILD	*Vignette*
"SPILLING ITS LAUGHTER ON THE LIMPID LAKE"	16
WEIGA	20
DREAMER'S ROCK, WHERE YOUNG WARRIORS WERE WONT TO DREAM OUT THEIR DESTINY	26
"THEY WERE VERY, VERY LONELY" . .	39
CARMEL	54
"'MY LITTLE BROWN-SKINNED BABY'" .	68
FANNIE	72
"MUSKO THE INDIAN TRAPPER" . .	77
"MY LITTLE CANOE"	91
LITTLE BIRD	99
TEMAGAMI	116
JACQUES COOKING FOR SMITH THE SILENT	128
AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT	143
VOYAGEURS	180

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Mitche Manito, the bad:
In the breast of every Redman,
In the dust of every dead man,
There's a tiny heap of Gitche
And a mighty mound of Mitche —
There's the good and there's the bad.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Weiga of Temagami

SEVENTY miles or more north of Nipissing, beyond the "Highlands of Ontario," where the moose and the reindeer roam, where the summers are short and the twilights long, Lake Temagami lies limpid beneath the northern sky. Upon the silent shore of this translucent lake, where the mirrored pictures of the forest-folk, walking upside down, can be seen from your canoe, dwelt Meniseno and his wife, Weiga, their daughter, and an only son.

In the unwritten law of the forest the Northern Indians have and hold certain dimly defined rights to hunt and fish in favoured sections and "silent places," and these rights they guard jealously.

Perhaps the Amerinds received this idea from the Old Hudson's Bay Factors, who have lorded it over the land for centuries, and whose post at Temagami has been the trading-ground for all the scattered Algonquin tribes for more

equally evident from his slow movements and backward glances that he was convoying the canoe.

When the little barque touched land near where Weiga sat she saw that its occupant was ill. In answer to his signal she stepped quickly down and drew the nose of the little craft upon the shore. The big moose stood by stamping his foot threateningly, but the man in the canoe called to him, and then he seemed assured that the woman would do his master no harm.

For a time they talked, the man in the canoe and the maiden on the mossy bank where the brook came down. He asked whose hunting-ground lay along this entrancing shore, and she said it was claimed by her father, Meniseno, an Ojibway.

"I am an Algonquin," said he. "Let us be friends. I want to make my lodge here by this beautiful stream, that I may drink and drink and drink, for my spirit is on fire and my throat aflame."

"Alas!" sighed Weiga, "my father is very

old and very jealous of his claim; I fear he will not let you live here."

"I do not ask to be allowed to live here," said he. "I only desire to die here, hearing the song of that cool stream — and," he added, devouring the maiden with his hungry eyes, "the music of your voice."

The Algonquin, without awaiting an invitation, signalled to Weiga. She drew near and held out a hand, which he grasped as he stepped ashore. Again the great moose showed his disapproval by stamping his foot, but when his master touched him, and Weiga, not a little nervously, patted his big face, he understood.

When the Algonquin had torn off the pack, the moose hurried up the bank to escape the swarm of flies that had attacked him. The Indian pointed to the brook. Weiga took the horn from the canoe and gave the stranger water.

With simple confidence he asked her to take him up on the bank and help him to find a camping-place near the stream. Again she held out her hand, and again he grasped it. But when

he had gotten to his feet he did not release her hand, as he had done before, but held it and looked earnestly into the face of the Ojibway, owning a vague feeling of peace and happiness altogether new to him.

Why should he at the half-open door of Death be interested in this Ojibway — the touch of her hand, the music of her voice? He did not know. An hour ago he asked only to be allowed to quench his burning thirst, to lie down and die. Yes, he told himself, as he released her hand — he must die! His sun was setting. This was but the parting smile Life owes to all. The rainbow through the rift at the end of a dreary day only gladdens the gloaming — the night comes just the same.

And yet as they walked slowly up the shore it was borne in upon him that the world had never before seemed so fair. "A delightful spot in which to die," said he, half-musingly.

"But you must not die," said Weiga, touched by the pathos in the Algonquin's voice.

"Oh, yes," said he. "I am come to die —

I'm dying now," he added, gazing into her beautiful eyes. "If I had come sooner!" he went on wearily — and then as he looked upon this new-found friend his tired heart began to throb again under the spell that was upon him, causing him to murmur, almost to cry aloud: "O Gitche, God of the Algonquins! I thank thee for this rainbow thou hast sent to gladden the twilight of my life."

Whereupon Weiga, moved by the same impulse, let her brown hand slip into his. After all, Weiga was only a woman.

On the following day when Meniseno stumbled unexpectedly upon the Algonquin's lodge he was obviously offended. Knowing this would be so, Weiga had not apprised her father of the coming of the stranger, for, if he was jealous of his hunting-ground, he was over-jealous of his handsome, industrious, and well-behaved daughter.

Meniseno coldly asked the Algonquin why he had come to disturb the peace of an old man, and told him plainly he would not be allowed to live where he had made his camp.

WEIGA.

The Algonquin's answer was the same as he had given Weiga — he came not to live, but to die. He had pitched his poor tent there so that when Death, who was now very near, should come to him, he might not die utterly alone.

At first the old Indian seemed to accept this simple statement, but when, a few days later, he found his daughter caring for the young man, he flew into a great passion and ordered the Algonquin out of the country. By this time, however, the Indian was too ill to travel, and so he heeded not the angry old man, but lay back upon his bed of boughs listening to the lisping waves as they lipped the mossy rocks that rimmed the lake.

Unto the sick man the maiden ministered mercifully, and as they grew to love each other her father's hatred grew. Meniseno began to sulk in his tent and brood over his grievance; he threatened his household — even Weiga, whom he loved more than he loved life — with dire vengeance if they offered succour to the Algonquin. But love only laughed at him — and found a way.

When the lone lodger had held out longer than a man may last, lying helpless without food or drink, the old Indian, whose malady was madness, now, lay in wait until he saw Weiga enter the lodge, bearing food and water for the sick man.

From that day the Ojibway spoke not a word to Weiga. He was now gone mad with a sullen, murderous madness, born of jealousy. At the beginning he had regarded the Algonquin only as a trespasser, but now he had stolen the heart of Weiga and alienated the love of all his people. For this the Algonquin must die — not the slow, easy death that fever would bring, but, according to the Ojibway's idea of right and wrong, the swift, violent death that he deserved.

One moonless night when his son was away, when his watchful wife and Weiga were sound asleep, the old Indian stole out to where the Algonquin had pitched his tent. Meniseno's awful malady had robbed him of none of the inherent caution for which the bush-tribes are famous. Without the crack of a twig,

with scarcely the rustle of a leaf, he had approached to within ten yards of the tent, when suddenly from the rear a great moose appeared and stood at the door. The old Indian, mad as he was, was terror-stricken at this unexpected apparition. The thing served in a way to sober him, and he demanded of the moose what god it stood for, — Gitche, the good, or Mitche the bad, — but there was no answer. Then it occurred to him that it was only a moose which could be easily frightened away. Unfastening his blanket, the Indian opened it and shook it in the face of the mute monarch of the wild. The moose's answer was the stamp of one great foot and a loud " whoof," that froze the Indian's blood, causing him to hurry back to his hogan.

The following night Meniseno went out again, but the bull moose was on guard. On the third night, lusting for the life of the lone Indian, he defied the Algonquin's god and endeavoured to drive the sentinel moose from the door. Again the great animal blew defiance from his lifted muzzle, his eyes burning like living coals.

But the Ojibway was not to be denied. Lifting the heavy hatchet he carried in his hand, he let drive at the forest of horns that frowned at the front of the moose. The wily bull lowered his head and the hatchet crashed upon his horns. The sound of the blow and the mad charges of the moose, whose advances the old Indian was now dodging with a strength and agility peculiar to madness, brought the Algonquin to the door of his hut.

At sight of the sick man the Ojibway threw caution to the wind and ran toward the door; but the monarch nosed him vigorously, sending him to his back ten feet away.

The sound of the battle that had called the sick man from his couch had also awakened Weiga, who was now running through the forest with the speed of the wind.

By the time the Ojibway, still clinging to his hatchet, had gotten to his feet and faced the four-footed god on guard over the Algonquin, Weiga was immediately behind her enraged father. The young Indian, watching from his threshold, saw Weiga fling herself upon Meni-

seno, and saw the latter throw her off as easily as the great moose might toss a dog.

She staggered to her feet and started for the insane old man, who, with lifted hatchet, made another desperate effort to reach the object of his wrath.

Forgetting his illness, and all unmindful of the menacing weapon that was glistening in the starlight, the Algonquin darted beneath the nose of the moose, caught Weiga, and dragged her into his tent before the mad man could realize it. The effort proved too much for the Indian, who was still very ill. They had scarcely reached the shelter of the frail lodge when he sank to the ground, apparently unconscious.

Outside the battle went on. Weiga, watching from the tent, but not daring to venture out, saw her aged father swinging his hatchet, and heard the heavy blows he rained upon the head of the infuriated animal. As often as the moose charged, the Indian would spring to one side and smash his hatchet into the moose's face. Weiga heard the Algonquin calling feebly,

and, stooping, lifted him to his feet. Together they stood in the doorway and watched the battle. The merciless hail of iron upon the antlers of the moose maddened him until he was fairly blind with rage. With a quick turn of his great head the moose caught the aged Indian, lifted him, and tossed him high up in the trees.

When the body crashed back to earth the old moose snorted new defiances, but the old Indian lay quite still. The splendid animal shook his aching head, stamped a front foot furiously, but his adversary had quit.

Softly the Algonquin called his champion, and the big beast turned slowly and approached the door, as a faithful dog might come to be petted and patted for good work.

They made a light — the man and the woman — and went out to gather up the broken thing she had called father. To their surprise he was still alive, and they bore him in and laid him upon the bed wherein he would have murdered the Algonquin. Soon he slumbered heavily.

DREAMER'S ROCK, WHERE YOUNG WARRIORS WERE WONT TO DREAM OUT THEIR DESTINY.

When day arrived, and the old man awoke, his reason had returned. He had been mad, he said. He had attempted to take the life of a stranger, but Gitche Manito had come in the form of a moose and fought with him. Not only had he tried to do murder, but he had offended Gitche, even striking him with his hatchet again and again. The good spirit had not killed him, as he might have done, but had only broken his bones and suffered him to survive that he might see the wickedness of his own heart, make peace with his god, and die.

He tried to move his limbs, but they were broken. All the bitterness was gone; all the hatred of the Algonquin had passed away.

In vain did his friends endeavour to encourage him to make effort to live, but he only shook his head wearily, saying, "I am at peace; let me die."

As the aged Indian grew weaker, the Algonquin grew strong.

Finally, one twilight, when the September sun was sinking, when the summer bloom

was blighted, and the autumn leaves were drifting over the placid bosom of the limpid lake, the light of the aged Indian's life went out, leaving a lone woman rocking to and fro, his head in her lap.

By the banks of Lake Temagami, where the winds whisper in the moss-hung trees and the waters lisp on the silent shore, they laid the old man to rest.

For him the aged woman did not weep openly, nor cry aloud, but to his silent sleeping-place she stole when the moon was low, and o'er his cold clay she shed bitter tears. And there she may be seen to this day watching by the little rock-walled resting-place of the old Ojibway, and, browsing about, is a big bull moose, and across Temagami comes a little bark canoe, barely big enough for two, and it touches the shore where a crystal rill, romping out of the wilderness, spills its laughter on the limpid lake.

A Universal Love Song

I

WITHIN a rose-clad cottage
Beside a southern sea,
A mother sat a-singing
And her song came to me
Upon the scented south wind —
The sea-gull soared above
While to her fair-haired baby
She sang this song of love:

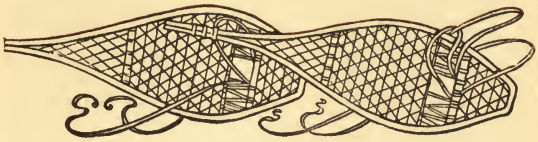
"I love you when you're laughing,
I love you when you weep;
I love you when you're waking
I love you while you sleep.
You don't know how I love you,
How you I do adore,
And every day, you dove you,
I love you more and more."

WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI

II

Within a wind-blown wigwam
By Lake Temagami,
A mother sat a-singing
Unto her babe one day.
The wild deer bounded by her,
The wild hawk soared above
While to her brown-skinned baby
She sang this song of love.

"I love you when you're laughing,
I love you when you weep:
I love you when you're waking
I love you while you sleep.
You don't know how I love you,
How you I do adore,
And every day, you dove you,
I love you more and more."



"The Welcome of the Wild"

One winter's morning, when the snow had shrouded the Wasatch mountains and work on the Western had closed down for the time, Johnson, Botts and Bannihan, professional peg-setters, found themselves stranded in Salt Lake City. The month's wages they possessed would last not more than a little while.

"What shall we do to be saved — until spring?" asked Botts of Bannihan, and the latter gave it up. It looked like the workhouse or jail for the trio. While the two men sat brooding in the twilight Johnson came in and they put it up to him.

"When you are with the Mormons do as the Mormons do — get married," said Johnson. "I'm doubleheading out of the Tabernacle at high noon Saturday next," he continued: "Saturday is Sunday in our church."

"It beats working," said Botts. Bannihan pounded his knee with his cap and smiled inaudibly.

"We'll board with you," suggested Botts.

"Not on me," Johnson answered.

"I said with you."

"It's all the same. There'll be no room. I have seven mothers-in-law and one child."

The two derelicts sat staring mutely one at the other. It was Botts who broke the hush. "Let us go thou and do likewise."

"I tremble," said Bannihan.

"Coward," hissed Johnson, as he left the tent.

When the two men were alone, together they mused on the morrow, which was fish day, and the one day intervening between them and Saturday — wedding day, at which time they hoped to feast.

At length the good day dawned, and at the wedding they each met their fate.

Botts got a buxom bride from a ranch near town, Bannihan a straw-haired fairy from the foot-hills. She had been throned on the "float"

as "Queen of the May" at Provo Junction and the effect had been to turn her poor little head and start her down the skids for the "stage."

Being helpless and homeless like Bannihan, she took him, for better or worse, and they began to lean on each other.

Of course, when it came down to cases, Bannihan would not sit idle and see his little "sunbeam" starve. They were building the Temple at the time and the men got work. Bannihan was assigned to a spotted steer hitched to a stone-sled, and when the sunbeam saw him following the ox she was shocked. It was unprofessional, and she sent him away to Ogden to find work, becoming an "engineer."

Bannihan came back in ten days and found the following note pinned to the tent-flap:

"DEAR BANNY: — Don't scold and don't drink. It just kills me to see you, an engineer, my engineer, doing drudgery. It will wound you sore, I ween, to read this, but when I tell you that I have a perfect heavenly job, I

know you'll forgive. I'm going away with the Uncle Tom's Cabin Company. Bye-bye, your

"LITTLE EVA."

After that blow Bannihan drifted with the swelling tide of emigration to the Canadian West — the Last West — leaving his comrades more or less happily married and well watched by their multitudinous mothers-in-law. He ranched in Alberta and prospected in British Columbia, but without endangering his prospect of dying decently poor.

Bannihan's next job was with Orsdal at Edmonton. He was to report to Smith, the Silent, whose real name is Jones. After counting his spoons carefully for the third time and cautioning him to be careful with the company's property, Orsdal gave Bannihan his blessing and a letter to the Pathfinder and headed him for the Upper Athabasca.

There was a rule on the Grand Trunk Pacific that all matrimonial alliances were to be postponed until the last spike was driven. Of course, no one ever mentioned it, but there

existed this understanding from the general manager down. It was a sort of unwritten law — incomprehensible and awful — and it went.

Naturally Bannihan denied himself, along with the rest. It was all very well in the scented summer, when day dawned shortly after midnight and there was eleven hours of afternoon; but in the short December days — through the the long, long northern nights — Bannihan, keeping camp between the Coast Range and the Rockies, found the hush of his cabin killing.

One day there came to the camp a good, kind-hearted Cree Indian, who said at once that it was a shame for the peg-setter to be alone when he had a house full of women. He ended by offering the Irishman the pick of the flock, but Bannihan, remembering the "sunbeam" with her beautiful wheat-hued hair, "going to heaven" every night, shuddered and shook his head. He was much obliged, he said, but he was not fit to marry this maid of the wild, and the Indian went away.

News of the nearness of the unmarried man spread, as news will even in the wilderness,

and on the following Sunday the Cree came back, bearing with him a whole harem on horseback. The fact that these Indians had horses in their own right attested their standing in the tribe. They all had dinner with Bannihan, one particularly interesting girl sitting next to the host and stealing side glances at the fine face of the young Irishman.

When they had packed up and were ready to take the back trail the Cree, pointing at the comely girl, grunted: "This one?"

Bannihan was surprised — it was so sudden — but managed to thank the Cree and offer his hand to the girl — not for life, but just to say good-bye.

Something in the sad, wistful eye of the Indian girl, the warm clasp of her plump hand, the last backward glance at the lone cabin — something or many things — stirred the red blood of Bannihan and made him stand and stare after the trailers, until they reached a bend in the trail and disappeared down the river.

Long he sat in the almost interminable twilight, thinking, thinking, thinking. A brown

bird came down and dined upon his rude table while a tiny wood-mouse crept up and gathered the crumbs about his hob-nailed boots. Presently, in the dusk, a deer came out of a clump of jack pine and passed so near that he could hear her startled breathing at sight of him, and count the spots on the side of her fawn and the budding prongs on the buck, who came bounding after his precious family. And then, though it was not yet dark, Bannihan, unspeakably lonely, sought the quiet of his couch and drifted into dreams of an Eveless Eden in the heart of the wild, where the deer and the bird, the moose and the wood-mouse mated and multiplied, while Adam lorded it alone.

Two days dawned and died, and then, in the twilight of the third day, the dusky daughter of the gentle Cree came to Bannihan's cabin bringing gifts and peace offerings from her father, and a pouch of pemmican on her own account. Bannihan had harboured a goodly number of Cree words and these he employed now to thank the girl for her kindness. He warmed the beans, fried some speckled trout,

boiled coffee, and set a feast for his visitor. Like all Crees she could talk much better and much more entertainingly than the average Indian. Her father, who was a brother to a noted chief, was a celebrated orator, given to fine phrases and poetic flights.

As the Irishman and the Indian sat face to face over their fish bones it occurred to the man that he did not know the maiden's name. He asked, and she answered with a string of short words that, in type, would resemble a train of dinkey dump cars with link couplings. He wondered what it all meant and managed to ask her. Her dark face brightened as she made him understand that it meant, first, a bird, a little bird, a little singing-bird, and finally he gathered it all. "Call me," she said in Cree, "for short, Nick-Kah-Moo-We-Hea-Yah-Cess," a singing-bird.

And then, as she went on telling him how she happened to be named so — how she happened to be — her face grew almost beautiful.

"Many years ago," she began (she was all of eighteen), "my father and my mother lived alone

"THEY WERE VERY, VERY LONELY."

in the wilderness. They were young then, my father and my mother — young as you and I — and they were very, very lonely, and they asked Wes-a-ka-chack to send them a little papoose to keep my mother company when my father went into the forest to tend his traps. This was in the moon of the golden leaf, and then came the snow and the trapping time, and when my mother was much alone she prayed to Wes-a-ka-chack to hurry up with the baby she had asked for. And when the ice went out and the wild geese came back there came a great white swan, whiter than the snow and more beautiful, my mother said, than any other bird, and it brought to my mother — well, me, only not like I am now — just a little-bird-with-no-wings, she said, and so she called me.

" After that my mother was very happy, and so, in our house, Wes-a-ka-chack is loved and worshipped. And that is why we find it hard to follow the 'mission man' who comes over from Dunvegan to ask us to close our house and our hearts to Wes-a-ka-chack and worship the spirit which the white man worships. It is not

an easy thing to turn against the God of our fathers, who has always been good to us, who, long before the white man came, kept us in the hollow of his hand, just as I would hold the egg of a bird. Do you think," she asked, eagerly, leaning toward him, " the white man's God would send us a little papoose if we asked him? "

" Quien sabe — I don't know," said Bannihan, who remembered that this dusky damsel did not speak Spanish.

" But Wes-a-ka-chack," she said, with the faintest hint of a smile about the mouth, " he would."

And when Bannihan only gazed upon her wistful face, showing no interest in her, her God or the gift he could give, she crept toward him leaning on the little table, and asked: " Have you wife — somewhere? "

' I had — once," he stammered.

" Where is she now? "

Bannihan, remembering his " Little Eva," half smiled as he pointed upward. To undertake with his limited Cree vocabulary to explain how, and why and all the rest of it, would have

been a hopeless task, so he handed her a large white lie and let her go on.

"Was she beautiful — beautiful white skin, so?" and she touched his face.

"Fairer — a thousand times fairer than I," he answered, glad to be able to tell her the truth this time.

After that she sat silent for a space, then asked if he still loved the other one who was fair and beautiful, and when he said he was trying to forget, she hinted that she would help him.

By this time Bannihan had come to the conclusion that he ought to send this guileless child of the wild back to her camp, and, rising, he suggested, pointing to the west, that it was growing dark.

"Oh, be not afraid," she said, putting a plump, hot hand in his. "Wes-a-ka-chack watches over me always, and he will let no harm come to you, for he knows that I love you, that you are mine, even as I am yours."

Bannihan, flushing, stood up and took her hands in his and said, gently, that she must go.

"Then you don't — you do not — want me?" she asked, withdrawing her hands and stepping back.

"Why —" he stammered, sweeping the room with his right hand, "there's no room for a woman — here."

The girl came slowly up to the big Irishman, touched his broad breast with the tip of her brown finger, and said, significantly, "No room here?"

She peered into his bewildered face and repeated, tapping his chest three times: "No — room — here. We Crees have a word — a pretty saying, which we say to all, even to the tired stranger who peeps into our tent, 'Peen-de-cain-pa-ta-waugh,' and it means come in, plenty of room, always room. What is the word of the white man," she asked in Cree, "which means 'no room?'"

This was entirely too much for the warm-hearted Irishman, and he reached, impulsively, for the Indian. With a slight movement of her supple body she avoided him and passed, noiselessly as a shadow, from the room.

Bannihan, recovering from his surprise, started to follow, calling to her to stop, but she gave no heed. He watched her, as he had watched the others, until she disappeared behind the bluff. Then he filled his pipe, sat down, and began to think and think and think.

The days came and went — and the more he tried to forget the more he remembered the Indian girl. Naturally her flight only made him all the more interested in her. And then, too, her simplicity, her innocence, and her blind unquestioning faith in the God of her father were beautiful and inspiring. And she was wise, too, not with the wisdom of the world, but she knew, without having been taught, what love was, and knew that if there was no room in the heart there would be no room in the hogan, and so she had left it and him, leaving him infinitely more lonely than she had found him.

And where was "the sunbeam"—Little Eva — what of her? In his church, once married, always married, and while he was not sure as to the binding of the Mormon ceremony, he would not take chances.

One day an Indian messenger came running by with despatches from Orsdal, at Edmonton, mostly for Smith, but one was for him, ordering him to report to the " Silent One " at Dunvegan. This pleased him immensely, for he could see father Also, the priest, at that post and find out just how matters stood. Father Also told the Irishman that the Mormon ceremony was nil and not to worry, but get married and try to convert the heathen at once, reminding him that, so far, there were no Irish half-breeds in his diocese.

" Convert her ! " repeated Bannihan, and then seeing the dark frown on the father's face, he covered. " Yes — certainly, father, certainly."

It was the moon of the golden leaf when Bannihan called at the camp of the Cree. " Come in," they said to him, " there is plenty of room," and he went in and lodged with them, finding his own blankets, of course, according to the law of the West.

The Bird came in and greeted him, as though they had parted but yesterday, with a scarcely

perceptible nod. He watched her as she moved about the lodge helping her mother to prepare the evening meal, her sad, yet gentle, almost melancholy face showing no sign of interest in him, which made him all the more anxious to know her, to understand her silence.

In the twilight, shorter now than when first they met, she went out and sat by the bank of a little stream that tumbled out of the wilderness and spilled its heart out on the broad breast of the Athabasca that caught it and hushed it and smothered its glad song into a hoarse whisper as, grand, irresistible and awful, it swept onward to the northern sea.

And so had she been singing, her soul attuned to the voice of the wild, when this white man crossed her trail. She had rejoiced and glorified in the mere fact of being, and then the current of their lives flowed together. For a brief moment she had been thrilled at sight of him, and then when she gave him, without his knowledge or consent, her heart; when she was about to throw herself upon him as the laughing rill had thrown itself upon the mighty river he

had put her coolly aside. And now he had come to her, but not for her. No, she would not deceive herself. He had merely called in passing to rest and sleep.

For hours, down through the deepening twilight, she sat dreaming out a long, rose-tinted, sun-kissed might-have-been, until her youthful, unspoiled heart woke her with its wild beating. His very presence seemed to sweeten and soften things. The knowledge that he was near was like the unexpected touch of a soft, warm hand in the dark. Above her a wakeful bird waiting for night to fall, nodded his head and sang short snatches of the only song he knew, then tucked his head under his wing and tried to make himself believe it was really night.

Now it was nearly midnight and she rose, drunken with love, that mysterious intoxicant, and turned toward her tent. Under a tree near the lodge her muffled foot touched something soft, and, glancing down, the outline of a blanket-bed grew out of the dark, and presently a man's upturned face. The moon that had been hiding behind a cloud came out and showed the hand-

some face of her white god. At sight of him, there at her feet, her heart leaped, her head swam, her soul cried out to Wes-a-ka-chack to help her to hold him. And then, like the cruel awakening from a sweet dream, came the killing recollection that he had sent her from him. Noiselessly as a cat guards a kitten, she sank beside him, kneeling. She crouched above him and absorbed him. She hovered over and about him, caressing him with her hungry eyes and pouring out to him the silence of her soul. Now she began to covet him. Wes-a-ka-chack had sent him to her to have and to hold, and she would hold him. Ah, even to die with him were sweet. By this time her wild blood was raging. She would hold out her hands to him as a mother reaches for her tottering child, her hot heart-blood tingling down to her finger tips that almost touched his face. She longed to throw her troubled self upon his quiet breast and then she remembered that there was "no room" there. Oh, why did Wes-a-ka-chack, who made this wilderness, not set among the myriads of wild flowers one poisonous plant?

If only she had something to swallow that would still the cry of her beating heart, hush the thumping in her dazed head, that she might flow into his peaceful slumber, as the troubled rill joined the Athabasca, and then they could dream on together into that mysterious hereafter in the land where there is always room. They would come and find them there, side by side, and they would build one wide grave by the banks of the Athabasca, and there, at least, would be plenty of room. And there, according to her wild fancy, they would sleep and dream with the low winds sighing in the cedars and the great wide river singing a requiem that would never cease. Her troubled soul, soaring into a strange, new world, would whirl and scurry as a kite caught in conflicting currents tugs at the string. She was ready at once to die for him or to take his life with her own hands, kissing his wounds and smothering his last breath as her pale sister would drink the fragrance of a dying rose crushed by the wild caress of the lover who had laid it upon her chaste breast. She wondered why Wes-a-ka-chack had sent this white

man to her in the heart of the wild. Was it only to awaken in her this new incomprehensible hunger, and then leave her to starve and die alone? No, that was not the way of the God of the Crees. He was for her — here and hereafter. By now she was mad. Above all rose the thought that he must not escape. Instinctively her hand went to her belt and grasped the handle of the hunting-knife which had been given her by the factor at Dunvegan upon the occasion of her one peep out of the wilderness. The touch of the cold steel caused a shudder to shake her, and she turned again to Wes-a-ka-chack, who had watched over her always, who had sent the wounded moose to stop and stay the hunger of the wolves when they were chasing her; who had caused a bough to break above her head one summer-time and the leaping lynx to miss his drive.

She sat erect and listened to the wild beating of her heart, but Wes-a-ka-chack was silent. Once more she bent over him. A tear — the first her eyes had known — crept down her

dark lashes and fell upon his face. Slowly he opened his eyes and saw her face above him and the bright blade, uplifted, glistening in the moonlight. He thought rapidly, as men learn to think who dwell in the wild, as engine-drivers who drill the darkness at eighty miles an hour. And in that fragment of a moment he remembered the hurt, wild look in her innocent eyes when he put her from him in his own house. He controlled himself and breathed naturally the while the naked knife hovered over his heart. He pretended to close his eyes and then at one bound tossed the blankets over her and stood up. The girl stood still, staring at him as if recovering from the effect of a stunning blow. Above her own heart's beating she heard him breathing tremulously and deep. He held out his hands to her, as she had reached and yearned for him while he slept. She took one step forward, then noticing the knife still in her hands, she tossed it from her.

"Come," said Bannihan in Cree, and she took one more short step. "Come," he re-

peated, "there is room." She threw herself into his arms and lay quivering and softly sobbing on his broad breast precisely as a white woman might sob.

Little Papoose

LITTLE Papoose in a wicker of reed
Under the willow bough swings,
Catching the music where over the mead
Rippling the rivulet sings.
Sings where the fairest of flowers are found,
Sings where the summer is all the year 'round;
Here, where the beauties of Nature abound,
Rippling the rivulet sings.

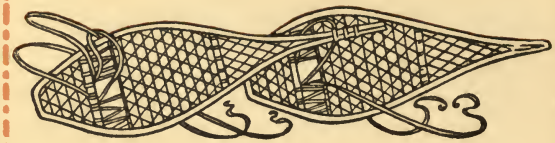
CHORUS

Swing, swing, swing, swing,
Gitche will mind you and Mitche won't find you,
Swing, swing, swing, swing,
Hush-a-my, brown baby, swing.

Agate and onyx and malachite beads,
Plata that's ribboned and rolled;

LITTLE PAPOOSE

Moccasins made from the bark of the reed,
Glittering garters of gold.
Catching the sounds with his delicate ear,
Catching the croon when his mother is near,
Hearing the hoofs of the galloping deer,
Bounding away o'er the wold.



The Cross of the Cree

Long ago, in the great lone land of the Assiniboine, lived a beautiful young Indian girl whom the mission folk called Carmel, because it was easier to say Carmel than to pronounce her name in Cree, which, being literally translated, meant "baby-blue-bird-with-its-mouth-open-asking-for-food." So they called her Carmel. Carmel might have been called semi-Christianized, not semi-civilized, for you cannot civilize a gentle soul that has never been savage.

When Carmel had seen seventeen summers and had learned to broil buffalo flesh, to make beautiful beaded moccasins, to leap from the ground to the bare neck of a cayuse and canter away over the endless reaches of western wild, she was the belle of the Cree community in which she lived. Living always in the open

CARMEL.

in that Indian paradise (in the days that are dead), glimpses of which are still to be had from the car windows — miles upon miles of undulating uplands, through which the beautiful Assiniboine winds away to Winnipeg — she grew lithe with an elastic step not unlike that of a wild deer. And when she was swimming in the quiet pool in a bend of the river, her beautiful brown body dimly outlined below the surface, her heaps of hair floating over her back, she looked like a water fairy.

And so she lived and loitered along the sunny way from childhood to womanhood, from happiness to grief. Being the belle of the camp, it was only natural that Carmel should be sought by the young braves of this and neighbouring bands. Among those who came to pay their respects to the parents of Carmel (the Crees courted by proxy), was one Gaybird, a dashing young Indian who, having inherited his father's hunting-ground on the Swan River in the northern forest, was rich in his own right. Gaybird was a shrewd trapper, a mighty hunter. His horses, or the horses he rode, were the envy

of all the Indians west of the Red River of the North. From their first meeting, Gaybird marked Carmel for his own. But she held herself not for him. She retreated at his every advance. The wilder his wooing the more repulsive he seemed. She shrunk from his touch, but the more she crouched the closer he crept. Her very modesty maddened him.

Finally, having set his heart upon Carmel, Gaybird went one night to her father's tepee and tethered, in front of his tent, a beautiful pony.

When Carmel, waking in the dusk of dawn, saw the cayuse at the end of a long rawhide rope, her heart sank, for she knew what it meant. She knew all too well that this, by the unwritten law of the Crees, was his offering to her father for her hand. She looked upon the beautiful pony, now hateful to her, and knew her father would be sorely tempted to take it. She recalled the marriage of her cousin, Komito, who had been wedded to a worthless husband because her father, unlucky in the chase, had happened to be hungry when the Assiniboine

had left a sack of flour at the opening of his wigwam. Komito, however, had suffered little because she had been heart-whole. Moreover, the Crees were used to following the dictates of their parents.

With Carmel it was different; she trembled for two reasons. The first and least important was that she hated Gaybird as only a half wild woman can hate. The other reason was that she loved Koto, a poor but honest Indian, who had been her playmate. But, strange as it may seem, Carmel did not know that she loved Koto until she met Gaybird. After that the more she saw of Gaybird the more she loved Koto. Koto, who was two years older, knew he loved Carmel, but he knew not how well until he saw Gaybird's cayuse picketed in front of her tepee.

Carmel, watching from a willow bluff, saw her father come from his tent and she saw his usually melancholy countenance light up when his eyes rested upon the fine cayuse. She watched, trembling, as he walked about it, grunting and talking to it low and unintelligibly.

Then, at the end of a quarter of an hour, when she saw her father unfasten the rawhide, bridle the pony, mount, and ride away like the wind, she knew that she was the lawful wife of Gaybird. Carmel's father grunted for very joy. The horse, rejoicing in his own strength and freedom, flew away over the prairie.

Carmel, lifting her strong face to the rising sun, cried, with clenched hands trembling above her head: "Ka wika! ah, Wes-a-ka-chak, ka wika!" (Never, God of the Crees, never!) and walked slowly back to her poor pathetic apology for a home.

At the entrance to her tent her way was barred by Koto, who stood with folded arms looking into her set, cold face. Each seemed to the other to have aged ten years in a single sleep. Presently Koto thrust a hand toward Carmel, and said, laconically, "Good-bye!" "Ka wika!" cried Carmel, with one hand on the tent flap. Then, shooting a fiery glance at Koto, she repeated "Ka wika" and passed inside.

Now wild women are just as incomprehensible

as others, and Koto staggered back, not knowing what she meant, for he was young and blind with love. When he had repeated what she had said, saying it over and over slowly to himself, he turned to where the pony had been. Then he made a slow gesture with his left hand, as if saying to himself: "Ah, yes, ka wika (never)! she will go not with Gaybird. Ah, God, she is fine, this Carmel that I have loved and lost — lost because I am poor. But if I had money, where is a pony like that to be bought? No, Gaybird does not buy his ponies. Well, it is finished. She is Gaybird's, not mine, for that is the law of our fathers. I must be off — away, away to the Peace River, to the big waters beyond the mountains — anywhere, for she is given to Gaybird. That is the law." So saying, Koto returned to his tent, and, sore at heart, rolled up his blanket and prepared for his journey. And yet he could not go. He said to himself one moment that he must see Carmel no more, and in the next that he would go as soon as he could see Carmel.

That day Gaybird called to claim his bride,

but Carmel could not be found. They searched the surrounding settlement, but she was nowhere to be seen. They sought her at the mission some miles away, but she had not been there.

Meanwhile Carmel, in wild despair, had gone to the tent of an old Indian who was a medicine-man, believed by many to be demented and shunned for that reason. She had brought with her a number of prairie wild flowers, and she asked the old Indian to tell her future with the flowers.

The medicine man told her that she was going on a long journey. She would have great trouble, he said (looking into her grief-seared face), but a certain flower would befriend her. He showed her the tender flower with the yellowish bloom and told her it was deadly poison. If her enemy pursued her, she should brew him a drink from the root of this flower, and then he would trouble her no more.

Meanwhile Carmel's father was riding, riding from one settlement to another, showing his fine pony.

Gaybird, enraged by the action of Carmel

and her father, and having for once the law on his side, vowed that he would return at night and steal away Carmel, carrying her off behind him on his black stallion. Over the prairie, he said, they would fly, then along the bluff trail, and how she would cling to him when the black steed was racing along the shoulder of a cliff with the river far below. He laughed to think how she would hug him for dear life.

Koto heard this threat and his dark blood boiled in his hot veins. That night the friendly stars guided the troubled maiden back to her home. That night Koto camped under those same stars in the tall grass near Carmel's tent. That night — at midnight — came Gaybird on the black stallion, and, riding up to the tepee, stopped. The horse gave a low, almost inaudible snort and pointed his ears toward a clump of willows. Gaybird followed the hint, but he could see nothing save the willows and the wild grass.

Dropping the bridle rein to the ground, Gaybird approached the tent, walking like a panther. Near the door he paused and lis-

tened; any other than an Indian face would have shown a smile, " Tibikak ! " he exclaimed.

" Waban ! " came the answer, and he turned to face Koto. Gaybird, staring, reached for his knife. " Ka wika ! " a clear voice cried, and Carmel, throwing the tent flap back, faced her tormentor. " Tibikak," " waban," " ka wika " (to-night, to-morrow, never !).

Gaybird, the first to break the tableau, took one long stride toward the tall Assiniboine, who stood in the starlight like a bronzed god. Carmel stepped in front of Gaybird, and said in Cree, " Dare, thou dog," and Gaybird turned away. He mounted his black stallion and, saying, with a wave of his hand, " waban," the word which Koto had said, meaning to-morrow, rode slowly away.

Koto watched the black figure until it had been swallowed by the night, and turned to Carmel with outstretched open arms that ached for her. He advanced, but Carmel put up her hands. She was the wife of Gaybird, for, by the law of the great lone land, the acceptance by her father of Gaybird's offering constituted

the marriage contract, aye, the ceremony itself.

For a moment the two young lovers stood gazing at each other, each wild soul yearning for its rightful affinity, yet each bound by the law, by tradition, by custom that had come down to them through many generations. Presently Carmel caught the tent flap, turned for one brief instant for a last look upon the face of her lover and passed into the tent.

Koto sprung to stay her, but the tent closed. And he turned slowly, with bowed head, as one turns from a new-made grave, and walked back to his own tent.

The dawn of waban saw Koto walking steadily toward the northwest, toward the place of sunset, to the river of Peace — anywhere, only away. Waban, when Gaybird called, flushed and impatient, his breath freighted with the unmistakable odour of rum, Carmel's mother met him at the tent door. Carmel was sick, the woman said. Gaybird laughed in her face and thrust her aside. He strode to the low couch where Carmel lay tossing in a raging

fever, and mumbling over and over " ka wika! ka wika! "

Gaybird thought she was playing, and stooped to lay hands on the helpless girl.

But Carmel's mother seized a Hudson's Bay gun and levelled it at the intruder with attitude so menacing that Gaybird, fearful for his life, slunk out of the tent. The Cree woman from the vent of the tepee, still keeping Gaybird covered with the rifle, told him to go, and that if ever he returned to molest her child she would take his life though she herself should die for it.

Gaybird rode away, vowing vengeance upon the head of his father-in-law. Then, as she cradled the head of her child, now mad with fever, the Cree woman moaned low and promised Wes-a-ka-chack, god of the Crees, that if he would open the windows of that troubled soul, she would take her far, far away, and that she should not be sacrificed to Gaybird.

When Carmel's father, having ridden to his heart's content, returned to his tepee and heard of all that had happened, he was torn between the love he had for his only child and the duty

he owed to Gaybird. But when he saw how the maiden had been driven mad because of her dread of Gaybird, the father in him fought down the tradition of his tribe. He waited for the return of Gaybird, to whom he gave back the cayuse, and to whom he, by presents and explanations, tried to make amends for his failure to keep his bargain.

Gaybird, seeing Carmel ill, and, for the moment, raving mad, muttered a few parting curses upon the Cree and his household and rode away to Swan River.

When the fever left Carmel, and she had been nursed back to life, the Cree took his traps and his horse, and with his wife and their unhappy child, set out for the Saskatchewan to begin life anew, shamed and deeply grieved because of his failure to carry out the contract fairly and lawfully made with Gaybird.

Carmel's parents had hoped that as they left their native village and Gaybird, as Carmel came to understand that she was not to go to him, she would grow glad again, but they did not know about Koto whom she loved.

As the world widened between Carmel and her native heath, between her and Koto (for she knew not of his going away) her grief sank deeper and deeper. She remembered vaguely something she had heard at the mission about bearing a cross, and that a cross was a sorrow. This, then, was her cross, and she meant to bear it bravely. Alas, she was too weak physically to endure the fatigue, and when the body was overburdened the spirit failed. Always, as they journeyed toward the sunset, she kept plucking off the yellow flowers, which, according to the medicine-man, were to befriend her. One day she dug up some of the roots and carried them also. That night, when they had camped at the foot of a little mound, called a mountain in that level land, she boiled the herbs and put the black brew away in a horn.

That night, while her parents slept, she stole from the tent and climbed to the top of the little cote that is now called a mount, and there, all alone with her sorrow, having called across the pulseless prairie to her lost lover, Koto, she drank the dark liquid from the horn, and with a

last weird cry to Wes-a-ka-chack, yielded up her soul.

The first white man to pass that way was her friend from the mission away back on the Assiniboine. When the gospel pioneer heard what had happened he climbed to the top of the hill, and with his hand-axe hewed out a rude cross and planted it by the grave of the Cree.

And there it stood in the summer sun and the winter's snow, and there the pathfinders, blazing the trail for the iron horse, found it only three years ago. And there, when the train whistles for Carmel, which is midway between Winnipeg and Edmonton, you will see the little hill, which is called Mount Carmel, and upon its summit the Cross of the Cree.

An Ojibway Mother's Cradle Song

HUSH, my little brown-skinned baby of the wood,
When you grow to manhood maybe you'll be good;
Hush! the naked bear will find you,
In his naked arms he'll bind you,
And he'll bear you off and blind you in the wood.

Hush, my little brown-skinned baby of the lakes,
At the death of day the naked bear awakes;
Now the tired eyes are closing
And the dusky head is dozing,
While the naked bear is nosing in the brakes.

See, the mother bird is going to her nest,
While the Gitche light's still glowing in the west.
Through the trees the stars are peeping
Where the twilight shades are creeping,
And my brown-skinned baby's sleeping, on my breast.

"MY LITTLE BROWN-SKINNED BABY."

Fannie

SEVEN summers ago, while little Willie Russell was playing on the sandy shore of Hollow Lake, (in the "Highlands of Ontario") whose cool waters lisped his lullabies from babyhood to boyhood, he saw something swimming shoreward. Willie was only six, but having been cradled in the wilderness he was cautious, and seeing this strange-looking creature heading for his sand pile, he lay low and let it pass. Instead of entering the forest, the frightened thing hid itself under a bank where the lake, lapping the shore, had licked the sand from under the sod. It did not see Willie, but stared with startled eyes out across the lake on the opposite side of which a little dog stood sniffing a trail that ended at the water edge. Little Willie's heart was hammering the sand-bar like a pheasant drumming on a hollow log, and the heart of the wild

thing up under the bank was beating time with Willie's. Doubtless, if it had seen Willie, it would have gone straight for him in order to escape its pursuer, while Willie would have thrown himself upon the mercies of the strangest dog that ever barked rather than face the frightened thing.

After watching the newcomer until it had grown calm, closed its pretty brown eyes and entered the airy land of dreams, Willie crept lizard-like up the beach and ran for his mother. When he had told his wild tale, his mother and two sisters went with him down to the beach, and there, under the edge of the bank, lay a little baby deer, sound asleep. Very cautiously they surrounded the sleeping beauty, and when it sprang from its hiding-place, it leaped into the open arms of Willie's mother. It kicked and clawed the clothes of its captor, but Willie shouted to his mother to " hold tight."

Presently the baby deer was shut up in the stable and christened " Fannie." Three days later, the little boy whom she had frightened so was hugging her, while she ate from the same

dish with the little dog that had driven her, panic-stricken, into the lake. That was the day they let her out of the stable.

Now, in order to appreciate what is here told of Fannie, one must understand that ordinary animals differ in disposition and intelligence as much as men do. It must be admitted that many deer, — spell it as you will — having been petted, have turned out badly. They are often nasty and sometimes positively dangerous; but Fannie was different. From a fawn she was fond of being fondled. Sometimes she would tire of Willie's little brother, who hung like a millstone about her graceful neck. One day she became so impatient that she swung her head and tossed the little toddler from her, but when he tumbled down and began to cry, she turned, walked to him, put her nose against his and " sympathized " so tenderly and intelligently, that the tiny tot forgave her, wiped his weeping eyes and hugged her harder than ever.

The child's parents, who had witnessed the whole performance, watched the pet deer closely,

but never, after that first time, did she lose patience or resent the attention of her little playmates.

That was a happy summer for Fannie and the children. The tinkle, tinkle of her tiny bell was heard about the Russell homestead from dawn to dusk. When the autumn leaves reddened, darkened and died, she disappeared, and there was silence along the lake, and sorrowing among the children. They searched the shores of Hollow Lake, but all in vain. The little dog who had hounded her to the Russell home that cool May morning, took long turns in the forest trying to find trail of Fannie, but if he found it at all he failed to follow it or to bring her back.

After that the long lonely winter was filled with dreams of Fannie. Their only hope was that her tinkling bell might afford her some protection, but since a man may be slain by a careless hunter, even without a bell, the fawn had a slim chance of escape.

At last spring came, and one April morning Fannie strolled out of the forest, walked into

FANNIE.

the kitchen and began helping herself to the boiled potatoes that stood on the table. She showed not the slightest fear, but it may be hunger helped. She was but the shadow of the beautiful creature that went away, but her thin homeliness made her no less welcome. In a little while she began to fill out; the forest feed came and she waxed fat again. When the children crossed the lake to school, she swam after them, like Mary's lamb, and lingered near until the end of the school day, then swam back again.

As the summer died, the children became uneasy lest she leave them again; and when the time came for her to go, she went, leaving only the hope that she might return again with the flowers. But now she was nearly full grown — Fannie was always large for her age — and in great danger, for the North woods in which she lived were full of men firing at everything that showed the least sign of life. That was a long and anxious winter for the Russell household. Once or twice they heard of a deer with a bell about her neck, and as the shooting

season had passed they knew she had escaped the real sportsman, but there was no telling how she would fare with the "lumber Jack" huntsmen who are slaughterers, devoid of sentiment about sport and sportsmen. In season and out, the camp hunters hang on the trail and haunt the yard of the red deer who has a right to respite; to attend to his domestic affairs and see to the uprear of his family, during the closed season, at least.

As usual the winter passed and in due time the wild goose went by; the sap warmed in the sugar maple, and Fannie came home to dine off the kitchen table, as if she had left but yesterday. She was as gentle as ever. Like most of her sex, she liked to have her own way. Once the children, fearing she would leave home again, shut her up in the barn. Fannie pawed the door with her sharp feet and made them understand that she wanted to go out, but *they* thought they knew better. Presently with a little run-and-jump Fannie went through the window. Later in this nesting moon of April, Mr. Russell, having ideas of his own

which he did not explain to Fannie, shut her up in a dark shed that stood apart from any other building. Fannie fretted to be free; there being no window, she pawed at the door and beat the board walls merrily. Growing desperate, she threw herself against the door with all her might; they heard her, and fearing she would suicide rushed to release her. Again and again she crashed against the door and before it could be opened, splintered the boards and escaped to the woods. Now this was the first time she had left home except in autumn, and as there were no hunters, save the camp killers, they hoped for her return. This time they had not long to wait. On the third day she came back, nervous and cautious, followed by two pretty spotted fawns. She tried every way to get them to follow her into the house, for she was wolfishly hungry, but they would not. Finally she left them in a thick bush, went into the kitchen, had her breakfast, and hurried away to the woods again.

Almost every day now she came with her babies and each day she tried to coax them up

to the house, but in vain. One day, with wonderful intelligence, she smeared her own mouth and nose with mashed potatoes, of which she was exceedingly fond, went out and let the male fawn eat it off; she repeated this many times, going always to the male and never to his freckled sister, but he would not and never could be persuaded to go into the house. When the babies were old enough to find their own food they went back to the wild.

Fannie was two and one-half years old now. Another summer had come and gone, and one autumn day when the golden leaves were falling over her round back, she drifted down a woodland avenue, and galloped away to answer once more the "call of the wild."

The winter was well worn when Mulroon, the chief fire ranger, passed down Hollow Lake to the Lake of Bays. He was questioned, as all travellers were now, about a pet deer with a bell on. "A bell, did yez say?" asked Mulroon, twisting sidewise until his chair cried out in pain. "A bell? Now d'yez know that bell has ha'nted me for four days, till I t'ought I was

"MUSKO, THE INDIAN TRAPPER."

bein' shivereed be a ghost; and that's what 'twas all about. No, I heven't seen it, but I've heard it, many's the time."

The snow was melting on the south hills when Musko, the Indian trapper, stopped at Russell's place and they asked him if he had seen a pet deer. "Yes," said the Indian, dropping his fork and staring at his questioner. "Yes, I have see — two, tree times; she spirit deer, mabe so ghost of Gitche Manito, mabe Mitche; anyhow she not for kill. I hav see 'lumber jack' creep up close by yard on winter-time when deer is sleep — many, many deer, and he's all jump and run fas away, — all but one. Dis one she stay an' stan' still an' look at white man, an' he point he's gun, once, twice, and snap, den hes fire, an' deer she's shake he's head and stamp hes foot, and I come close an' put my han' on white man, so, an' say 'no shoot em,' an' he's turn an' try for shoot me, an' I say, 'deer he's Gitche Manito, he's not for kill.' Den he say 'I kill Injun, hes all time open season for kill Injun.' He's ver' mad, an' I grab he's gun quick, and mak him crooked an

rock an' den I toss gun back an' say, ' now he's close season for Injun, what? ' Byme-by spirit deer she's walk away, and ' lumber jack ' he say, ' I kill him sure — some day.' "

And so with the help of her bell and the superstition of the Indians, Fannie managed to escape the huntsmen, who soon came to know about her, and the slaughterers, who also knew, but did not care. This year she brought but one baby, which came close behind her one spring morning but hurried back to the bush at the first faint scent of danger.

Again the trusting mother sought to civilize the little lamb, but he would not believe the story she told with her eyes and ears and her every act.

In time the children came to expect the mother deer to go away when the summer died, and it added a deeper sense of sadness to the autumn for the lonely white children of the wild, but the winter passed sooner for the anxious waiting. By now, the deer had become such a part of the household that if the children or their parents wanted to go fishing or anywhere

where Fannie was not wanted, they were obliged to slip away without attracting her attention.

When Fannie was six years old the Russells built a small summer hotel on a point across the bay, and began to " take stoppers." Fannie had not been moved from the lower ranch, but once a week some one of the family would row over and put out salt for her.

One day Musko came to the new place to tell them that the spirit deer had lost her music, which he reckoned to be the charm that saved her from the " lumber jack," and foretold that she would die with the dying leaves.

Now the Russell family were not superstitious, but when Willie's mother heard what Musko had to say she resolved to go and see for herself. Being busy with her summer boarders, she postponed her visit to the lower ranch for nearly a week, when the berries would be ripe and she might have a fair excuse for wasting so much time. As she neared the old home, she called Fannie, but, save for the cry of a whisky-jack which was answered by the cackling laugh of

a loon, the place was unusually silent. A moment later she stopped, staring downward where fresh red blood dyed the dying grass. Quivering with dread she peered into the edge of the bush beside the path, and there lay Fannie's two front feet. Shuddering, she covered her eyes and returned empty-handed to her new home to tell the little children, and Willie, — now a big boy, — the saddest news their ears had ever heard — the story of the murder of Fannie.

Sawing Wood

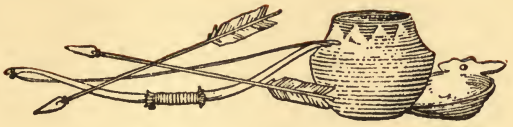
My name is Ojib-Charlie,
I like to sing and dance,
My father was a half-breed,
My Grand Pere came from foreign country,
Mother was Ojibway,
I saw wood for a dime —
But I don't like to saw wood all the time.

MacDonald, — that's the foreman,—
He say to me, be good;
I ask him how I'll do that
And he tell me to saw the timber.
" Keep your saw a-singing
And don't make foolish rhyme — "
But I don't like to saw wood all the time.

I like to loaf at morning
And when the sun is low,

WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI

To lie in my birch-bark canoe
And for a tiller trail my paddle —
Drifting down the river,
And make some foolish rhyme —
I don't like to saw wood all the time.



The Little Bird and the Blacksmith

Qu'Appelle Lake and the beautiful valley of the Qu'Appelle have long been famed in unwritten song and story. The weird tales told in the winter tepees have come down from generation to generation, until the whole region round about is wrapped in mystery and shrouded in a sort of poetic glamour.

I say these tales are told in the winter tepee because no intelligent Cree or Saultaux would waste his time telling tales in summer when he should be hunting or working. To be sure, an Indian did sit down one summer time to tell a tale, but Wes-a-ka-chack sent a big lizard and it bit the idle story-teller, and since that day no man has ventured to spin yarns when the lizards were out.

WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI

The very name Qu'Appelle, suggests the sad, sweet story of the lost lover.

A young brave had fallen in battle, but his sweetheart would not believe him dead. She set out to find him, so the legend runs, and after travelling for days and nights over the trackless wild, came to the shore of Qu'Appelle Lake, though, as you shall see, at that time unknown and unnamed.

She sat down to rest where the lisping waves lipped the silent shore. Presently she cried aloud to Wes-a-ka-chack, and when no answer came she called the name of her lost lover. Her cry reached the berried bluffs on the other shore and back over the sleepy lake came the faint echo of her own wild cry, and she, answering the echo, which she did not understand, cried again and again, "Qu'Appelle — Qu'Appelle" — "who calls, who calls?"

And then, taking new courage, she pressed on and on, calling and answering her own call, until the night swallowed her and she was seen no more. When the pathfinders came, setting their stakes along the brow of the bluff and

skirting the lake, men said the days of romance were over and all the songs and stories would pass from the memory of men, for the Indians who kept them alive would pass. And yet, out of the rush and confusion of a builder's camp came one of the prettiest little " nature " stories heard for many a day.

The country along the Qu'Appelle River is rough or rolling, for a prairie country, necessitating some heavy cuts and fills, if the Grand Trunk Pacific was to keep to its avowed plan for a line practically level from ocean to ocean.

In one deep cut the contractors arranged to work all winter. And although last winter was one of the severest ever experienced in this country, not one day was lost here in Saskatchewan. The one cozy corner, if we except the office of the superintendent, was the blacksmith shop. Here abode by day a little Indian boy and a bird.

On sunny days, when the shop door was open, the little bird would go and come at will. These were the constant and only companions of the sturdy smith — the Cree boy and the little bird.

Naturally he grew very fond of them, and the trio made up a happy family. When the boy and the blacksmith ate their midday meal the little bird would fly down and dine with them, and so became quite tame. The winter dragged drearily, and when the April moon — the moon of mating — came, the lake was still sleeping in its shroud of snow. Now the little bird's mate came, shy at first and never quite confident. He would not feed with the big man and the little boy as his mate did, preferring the hay-shed for rendezvous and to take his meals at the regular boarding tent.

As the days grew brighter and the sun came north, the little bird began to look about for a building-place. By right the snow and ice should have been gone, the trees budding and the hills green, yet winter lingered and the little bird could not build in the naked, shivering trees. The little boy left hints for her on shelves and rafters, but she left his handful of hay and would not follow his suggestions.

As the days lengthened she spent more time abroad, and finally they missed her altogether.

The big blacksmith said nothing, but watched the little Cree, as he went about hunting and hunting for his little feathered friend. One day the Cree came bounding into the shop, his dark face beaming with childish delight. The blacksmith watched him smiling, for he knew the boy had found the bird. Slowly the faint smile faded, for the light had gone from the little brown face. After sweeping every nook and corner of the shop with his hungry eyes, the little fellow, whose father had been half French, shook his head slowly, and said, "pas ici! pas ici!" (not here, not here), and he went slowly out to renew his search. The following day the performance was repeated; this time the boy was so absolutely certain that he had seen the little bird fly in through a knot-hole that he held the hopeful smile for a long while. He would search the room, stop and listen, then search and search again. At last he gave it up, saying sadly as he had said before, "pas ici! pas ici!" and went away.

The blacksmith had missed his tiny companion very much, but now his chief concern was the

boy. His behaviour was so strange that he called the attention of the camp doctor to the Cree. And although the doctor declared him sane the blacksmith was convinced that the little boy had grieved until his childish mind had become unbalanced. One day he ventured to suggest that this thing the boy had seen was only a "spirit bird," maybe-so the shade of Wes-a-ka-chack, and that their little friend had fallen into the hands of a weasel, but the boy would shake his head and answer with a volley of "No nos," and try to find the place where the bird came in.

At the end of a week the boy had grown gaunt and hollow-eyed. By now he began to doubt his own reason. Maybe-so there was no bird, but only the spirit of the bird came now. And yet he would not give up the search. The blacksmith had become thoughtful and silent. What with the loss of the little feathered friend and the doubtful condition of the Cree, he was greatly distressed.

The coming of the boy was now a fixed event. At a certain hour, almost to the minute,

he would rush in and look for the spirit bird. One day as the blacksmith fixed his fire, he felt the touch of the little boy's hand. He followed and the boy led him to the door and out. Following the boy's suggestion he knelt down and almost immediately the little bird was seen flying from the boarding tent, where she had been dining with her mate, to the shop. As usual, she disappeared through a knot-hole. Now the boy darted to the door, followed by the blacksmith. At the entrance, — the only entrance — they paused and looked, but in vain, for the bird. " You see," said the boy, " she came in, she no come out, she no here — voila ! "

The blacksmith was perplexed. It was all very well to call it a spirit bird, but he had seen for himself. He went out and counted the boards, came in and counted from the corner. An old woollen jacket, hanging on a nail, hid the knot-hole. He took the jacket down. There was the hole, but where was the bird? " Ici, ici ! " cried the boy, pointing to a pocket that had been directly over the hole in the wall,

and from the pocket peeped the pretty head of the bird, patiently sitting on a nest of eggs.

Very carefully the blacksmith replaced the jacket and went back to the bellows, the boy to his play.

Already the story of the " spirit bird " had reached the rough men of the camp, and when Johnson, the husky boss, heard that the mystery had been solved, he went up to see for himself.

Knowing now that she had been discovered, that her secret had been found out, the little bird came back to her friends. As if to make amends, she was more confiding than ever. And so, when the big contractor came to the door, he found the Indian boy seated on the dirt floor crooning a Cree song and weaving willows into a basket, a very excited dicky-bird flitting aloft calling loudly to his mate who sat upon the smith's shoulder, perfectly contented, while a golden shower of sparks rained over the blacksmith and the little bird.

"MY LITTLE CANOE."

Back to the Wild

Wondrous Temagami, Wasacsinagama,
Low waves that wash up the shadowy shore;
North of the Nipissing, up the Timiskaming,
We will come back and sing to you encore.

Back to the wild again show me the way,
Make me a child again just for a day.

Crystal Temagami, Wasacsinagama,
Swift running rivers and skies that are blue,
Out on the deep again, rock me to sleep again,
Rock me to sleep in my little canoe.

Back to the wild again show me the way,
Make me a child again, I want to play.

Sabo

"C'EST BON!" said the half-French father, as the woman shoved the baby's head above the blanket and made known its sex. "*C'est bon!*" he repeated, and after filling his pouch with hard bread and dried meat, he strode away to the forests of Temagami, again to track the black deer and reset his traps. And that is how the Indian woman came to call her baby "Sabo."

In Temagami the half-breed met a white trapper who had a full-blood for a guide. Also the white man had fire-water of which they all drank. The full-blood, hating the half-breed for the white man that was in him, wanted to fight, and the white man, not caring particularly for the Indian that was in the half-breed, suffered them to come together.

When it was all over, the white man listened,

and hearing no sound of any living thing, took the traps from the dead guide and the grub from the pouch of the half-breed, who had been slain also, and went about his business, leaving the two fighters just where they dropped, and the rest to the Fire Rangers.

Beside the beautiful Lake Temagami twenty snows fell and melted away with the spring. Sabo, the baby, was a man, and his mother was an old, old woman. Sabo worked sometimes, and with what he earned and what his old mother forced from the garden, they lived. But mostly Sabo played the mouth-harp. On Sunday he attended service in the little English Church that stood at the crossing of the roads.

After church, he wooed the dark Ramona, Lorine du Bois. Her father, like Sabo's father, was nearly half-white, could read and write, and lived in a neat log house with a fireplace and a loft, and one window up under the peak of the roof. From this window Lorine leaned,

on summer nights, and listened to the music of Sabo's harp as it came to her faintly on the cool night wind.

Sometimes, in the dark of the moon, when the nights were sultry and his blood was hot, Sabo would steal out across the garden and up under Lorine's high window.

Seated on a black bear skin, thrown over a sawbuck, he would blow soft melody up toward the silent figure in the window. Sometimes he would sing to her crude, quaint songs, full of love and longing.

Sometimes for hours they would sit in silence, communing with each other by means of that system of wireless telegraphy that lovers learn without knowing how or whence they acquire the art. Now and then he would take up his harp and breathe out his story on the dewy night, and then he would sing softly:

"The white man's blood is pale and cold,
The red man's blood is red."

And she would answer:

"A maiden cries when her lover cries,
A maiden sighs when her lover sighs,
And dies when her love is dead."

Presently, Lorine's father, being a good Catholic, and knowing Sabo to be a heretic, would empty a basin of cold well-water at the top of Sabo's spinal column. Then the lover would dismount and take himself home, softly cursing his sweetheart's sire.

But all things come to those who wait. Lorine's father died one day, and Sabo went to live with the widow.

They were happy for a week, at the end of which time Sabo and Lorine discovered that their religion did not track. Lorine, grieving for her father, sought the priest of her religion whither Sabo would not follow. He had always been a Protestant, but now, rather than compel the young woman to forsake her faith, he denied himself altogether, and spent his Sundays with his back against a tree, blowing on his harp, or playing high-five with a band of bad young Indians down by the river.

When the widow grew weary of feeding Sabo, she told him so. Sabo made a shack on his own lot, which was still in its virgin state, and set up housekeeping.

Things went but little better here, for Sabo would only work when hunger compelled him to do so. When he could get liquor, he would drink and abuse the woman. Finally she went to the priest and asked to be freed from Sabo, but the priest hushed her.

A year dragged by, and then Sabo discovered that one Chippawa Charley was using his door-sill for a resting-place. As often as he went away to do a day's work, he would return to find Charley in the doorway, leering at Lorine, and lying to her about a wild, fierce flame, which he said was consuming him inside. Of course, Charley's visits did not help poor Lorine, and one day when Sabo returned from bird-shooting, via the village, full of applejack and jealousy, he made trouble for the Chippawa. Charley heard him whoop as he hit the weed-grown trail that led from the wagon-road to the door of his shack, and darted out the back

way. Sabo whipped around the corner of the cabin, and threw a charge of bird-shot into the Chippawa as he went over the back fence. From that day, Sabo and Chippawa Charley were deadly enemies. Charley, in addition to being a bad "Injun," was a barber, and as he usually carried a part of his kit with him, he was hard to approach.

For many moons the Chippawa kept clear of Sabo's shack, but the indignity he suffered, saying nothing of the charge of bird-shot, weighted him down. He trapped constantly for Sabo. He persuaded the deputy constable to join him in an information against Sabo for living, unbonded, with Lorine, for neither dreamed that the harpist had married the much-abused girl. But when they approached the magistrate, the latter, remembering the fee still due, waved them away.

"It's no use," said the constable. "People pay no attention to these things. Besides, you never know where a thing like that will end. Why, come to think of it, if you followed it up, you'd break up half the homes on the reserve."

"You're feared of your job," said Charley.

"Am I? Look you," said the constable, catching the Chippawa by the arm and turning him until the two men faced each other. "Last night, when I was leaving your shop I met Sabo outside.

"'What time is it?' says he.

"'Quarter to twelve,' says I, looking at my watch."

"Well?"

"Well! It was five minutes past midnight Saturday night — it was Sunday in the eye of the law, and if he had a watch and a witness, you'd 'a' been up before this, an' there'd 'a' been such a howl up and down this Dominion as you never heard. Cuttin' out the marriage ceremony comes under the head of carelessness, but shaving a man after midnight on Saturday's a crime in Canada."

The Chippawa put out his hand in acknowledgment of what he owed the constable, and the latter accepted it in silence. That was, in a sense, Chippawa Charley's promise to pay.

Sabo did not improve with age, as wine will.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

LITTLE BIRD.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Once more Lorine took her troubles to the parish priest. Her life was all but unbearable.

"What is this thing they call divorce, father?" she asked. She wanted to loose Sabo and keep Little Bird, the baby boy.

The good man looked over his glasses into the troubled face of the unhappy Indian girl.

"Now, who tells you of this thing, my child?" he asked, speaking softly, slowly, musically, with just a hint of Irish in his accent.

"My sister — she got it, and now she is free — free from the man who abused her, but has got her baby. O father, father, help me!" she cried, "for if Sabo finds me here on this business — "

"Stop!" said the priest.

Then in a gentle voice he told her that this thing of which she had spoken was an invention of the devil adopted by the Yankees.

"It is only to be had beyond the border," he said, "that is, by the poor. Here in Canada it is only within reach of the very rich, but in any case it is an evil thing — put it out of your head, my child, put it out!"

So Lorine went back to her poor little home with only the memory of the good priest's quiet, kindly voice for her trouble.

Gossip goes among the Indians and half-Indians at about the gait it goes among the whites and half-whites, and Sabo soon heard of Lorine's visit to the priest and of her desire to loose him. But the news had exactly the opposite effect of what Lorine had predicted. It caused him to think; a thing unusual with him. When he compared Lorine to himself, he saw that she had fair excuse. Then there was the boy — Little Bird — he had not known till now how dear the little brown face was to him. As he passed the cabin under whose window he had wooed and won the guileless maid, he harked back in his rough, awkward way to those short, cool summer nights. There stood the old saw-horse and yonder the wild crab-apple tree, whose blossoms, blown free by the breath of spring, showered down like drifting snow and lodged in Lorine's loosened hair.

As Sabo left the road, Little Bird came bounding out to meet him. Catching his father's rough hand, he pulled Sabo down and whispered, " Chip-wa in 'ere."

Instantly all the gentleness went out, and the bitterness and hate of two races raged and rioted in the heart of the half-breed. He stopped short and examined the cap on the little old single-barrelled muzzle-loading shot-gun.

" *Voila!* " he exclaimed, in a low voice.

Then, putting the boy behind him, he tiptoed up to the cabin. The door stood open. Inside he could see the Chippawa standing behind Lorine. Both were facing the little window at the other end of the room.

" Come," he was saying, " why do you stay with Sabo, the swine? Come."

" He is my husband."

" Huzz-bon ! " hissed the Chippawa. " He is one pig — come, does the blackbird mate with the buzzard? "

" Leave me now," cried Lorine. " Go, and come here never again."

"I will go," said the Chippawa, "but you will come also — you must, you shall."

Sabo saw him catch the woman in his arms, saw her struggle to free herself, and leaping into the room, he put the cold, hard muzzle of the gun against the back of the Chippawa's head.

Lorine, turning, saw, and slid between the two men, caught the gun barrel, and placed the muzzle to her breast.

Sabo smiled, Lorine let go, and he lowered the gun.

Quick as a lightning-flash, Charley whipped out a razor, flung the blade free, and sprang for Sabo.

Lorine leaped between them, and caught the full force of the blow. The Chippawa saw a faint white scratch along the white bone of her arm, laid open by the blade. Not a word had been spoken since Sabo entered, but now as he got his gun on the Chippawa again, he paused to ask Lorine if he should kill the wolf.

"If he promise to come here never again," she said, "let him go."

The Chippawa promised, and went away.

Sabo was binding up Lorine's arm. Little Bird was looking on in silence, and she was bearing the pain heroically.

Presently Sabo spoke:

"You don't love Chippawa Charley?"

Lorine shook her head.

"You love Sabo?"

"No," she said.

There was another pause, and then Sabo asked:

"Who you love?" and Lorine's dark eyes turned to the boy.

"Little Bird, uh?"

Lorine nodded her head.

"Sabo, too — me, I love Little Bird. I go put Little Bird in big In'stute. Sabo go work for Master In'stute, uh? You like go work for Misses In'stute, uh?"

Lorine smiled, nodded, and held out a hand to the boy. Little Bird came and stood where his father knelt by his mother's knee. He wound one arm about Sabo's neck, but leaned mostly on his mother.

The Slaughter

Must the wanton waste the fodder of the forest,
Manito?
Oh, our moose are being murdered in the sun.
Long we look in dusk of winter for the deer-
track in the snow,
Far away each autumn — farther lies the run.

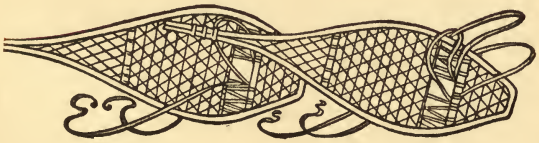
Oh, the white man is so hungry when he hungers,
Manito,
He's as thirsty as the Redman when he thirsts.
When the autumn leaves are falling and the
Mudjekeewis blow,
Like a thunder-clap the slaughter-iron bursts.

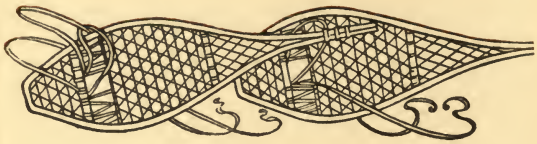
Now the forest folk, affrighted, set their faces
to the Pole,
Thou hast taught them where is safety,
Manito;

THE SLAUGHTER

As they vanish up the forest hear the slaughter-chorus roll,
See the crimson line they leave along the snow.

To the north the moose is moving with a hunter on his track,
Aye, a hunter as relentless as a dog,
And the red deer leads the reindeer round the telltale tamarack,
The guide-posts thou hast set beside the bog.





The Heathen

"The 'eathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone."— *Kipling.*

"WHY are you not a Christian, Pere?" asked John de Sault of his wife's father.

"Why?" echoed the Indian, and he almost smiled. Then his bronzed face hardened. He leaned forward and snorted like a bull moose. The corners of his mouth twitched; his small dark eyes gleamed with something of the old light that burned there half a century ago. Now in a low, hushed voice he went on, interrogating the interrogator:

"Am I mistrusted? Does the factor send you, or the bishop, or is it that bore of a mission man, who sends you to speak with me?"

"Nobody sent me, Pere. I just wanted to know."

"Who hunts when the hunters fail, when Gitche robes the wilderness in a robe of spotless white, when the land lies hushed and not a sound disturbs the stillness of this solitude — who goes for the game then, and whose god goes with him?"

"You, mon Pere, and with you Wes-a-ka-chack."

"Am I not trusted at every post on the Peace, and welcome in every lodge from the pass, where it pierces the heart of the Rockies, to the coast where the mighty Mackenzie sobs herself to sleep on the broad bosom of the deep? Who was sent with the Great Mother's message to Sir Donald, when the breeds uprose on the Saskatchewan?"

"You bore the despatches, Pere."

"Who ferries the factor's daughter over the wide river, when the ice goes out?"

"You, mon Pere."

"Has old Charley ever failed the white man — the Christian — when he was in sore distress?"

"Never."

"Then why the devil should *I* become a Christian?"

De Sault said nothing, for he knew of a truth that the Pere was the most valued and trusted Indian in the Hudson's Bay employ. Presently the aged Indian touched De Sault, and said:

"Listen, boy. One long hard winter came here once — many, many snows since. The river froze so deep that we were unable to thread the tackle under the ice. All our frozen fish we had eaten, and when Christmas came — the time when the white man is wont to make merry with his God — we were starving. The hunters had been out a week, when the factor called in, saying, 'Go hunt, for the hunters are lost.'

"At dawn I set out, and slept in the snow that night. All the following day I followed the dim, blurred trail of the hunters, but failed to find them.

"In the twilight of the third day, I came upon a Cree woman making blood soup. She said the men were only a little way ahead. I

pushed on, and when they heard me coming they hid the little meat they had, guessing that I would be half starved. When I made myself known they gave me what they had, but I ate only enough to stay my hunger and make me strong to follow the other hunters, for they were split up into three parties.

" All that night I tramped and by the close of the next day had the whole hunting party rounded up, with a pitiful total of half a Caribou for the post and its people.

" When we got back — on the first day of the New Year — the post, the mission, the Indians and all were preparing to leave. They concluded to take chances on the ice, and over half a thousand miles of snow to Edmonton, rather than remain and starve on the cold Mackenzie. We cooked the caribou, they ate it — all of it — and concluded to stay. But the next day we were as hungry as ever, though the bishop and the mission man made acknowledgment to their God for sparing our lives.

" The days dragged by. The hunters went out and came back empty-handed. Again the

factor came to me, and said, 'Charley, go out and find something or we shall all perish,' and I went out. The snow lay so deep no living thing moved in the hushed forest, and not a track marked the white pall that blanketed the silent, sleeping world. The river froze to the bottom, maybe the fish were fast in the ice, or gone to sea. Anyhow, there was nothing to eat but overshoes and old moccasins.

"I had often heard the man of the mission say we all looked alike to the white man's God; that we had only to ask, and we would get what we asked for. Now, when all else had failed — my god and my gun — I remembered what the mission man of the English church had said of the white man's God, and I made up my mind to try him. I was glad of the memory of that white man and his good God, who loved the red man and knew no difference. I abused myself for having neglected him so long, when I had only to ask and have plenty. It was all so easy with the white man's God.

"And so, having concluded that this was the short way out of the bush, I turned my back

on Wes-a-ka-chack, god of all good Crees, and returned to my cold, empty lodge. It was the middle of the afternoon when I arrived. I set a cup and a plate on my little table and prayed to the white man's God, relating and repeating what the mission man had said. Believing ever and doubting never, I implored the God of the white man to give me to eat.

"As often as I opened my eyes, I saw only the empty plate; yet I did not despair. To be sure, I had understood from the mission man that the prayers of believers would be answered at once, but I might be wrong. Maybe by and by; so I prayed on over the empty dishes, with only the shudder of the lodge as it swayed with the breath of the giant, Winter, to break the killing silence that was like the hush of the grave.

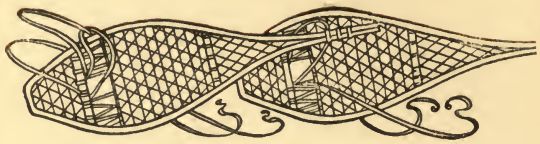
"It had been almost two o'clock when I sat down. It was dusk when I got up, smashed the plate and kicked the table out of the tent. 'To Mitche with the mission man and his cruel God!' I cried, beating the table into splinters over the door-stone.

" By and by, when I grew calm, I fell upon my face on the frozen floor of my tent, and asked Wes-a-ka-chack, god of the Crees, to help me. I begged a thousand pardons, and promised never again to listen to the mission man, or to pray to his God. Long I lay there in the ashes of my camp-fire, until the day died and night came and curtained the world, praying, praying as I had never prayed before to Wes-a-ka-chack, god of the Crees. All through that long, long night I sat bowed above the flickering fire, waiting for the dawn, never doubting the god of my fathers. Once I slept and dreamed it was summer-time. I heard the song of the river, the flutter of wings, the crash of horns in the thick forest, and the clatter of feet on the beaten trail.

" It came at last, the dim, gray dawn, and I rose to go into the forest to find food.

" I took a bit of red calico and tied it to my ramrod, and then I asked Wes-a-ka-chack to go with me, and help me to find, knowing he would fail me not. Out over the trackless waste I wandered, until the round red sun rose, and

mocked me through the tops of the trees. On, on I trudged, my good gun ready, watching always for the food I felt I must find. 'O Wes-a-ka-chack,' I cried, sinking to my knees, 'send me to eat, or I shall surely die,' and when I rose to go, lo, there before me stood a reindeer staring into my face. A moment later he lay dead, and I lay drinking life, that flowed from his torn breast. My hands I washed in his hot blood and I gave thanks to Wes-a-ka-chack, for what had come. The god of my people was glad for my return, and I gave thanks then, and never again did I set face to that fair God who failed me when I so deserved success, and never since that day have I known hunger. Great is Wes-a-ka-chack, god of the Crees."



Red and White

I

My name is Ojib-Charlie — "Breed,"
They call me — "Pessimist,"
The white man taught me how to read,
I read, and I insist
That this land *was* the Redman's land,
Through countless happy years;
Anon the white man enters and
The Redman disappears,
Mid jeers
The Redman disappears.

II

The white man's blood is pale and cold,
(The Redman's blood is red,)
And, like the Redman, I've been told
He's good man — when he's dead.

RED AND WHITE

The Redman opens up a game
That no one knew about;
The white man jumps the Redman's claim,
And rubs the Redman out.
No doubt,
He rubs the Redman out.

How God Made Temagami

"Do you know why and how Gitche Manito made Temagami?" asked old Meniseno, pushing the tobacco down into his pipe, and glancing out over the limpid lake, where a white launch was threading its way through the maze of islands.

You remember Meniseno, of course, father of Weiga, of Temagami — old Meniseno who went mad and battled with a bull moose and was broken? Well, this was the same, but before this fight with the moose.

Nobody knew why or how God made Temagami, and when we all said so, old Meniseno settled back against one of the huge columns that carries its share of the roof of Temagami Inn and made it all clear to us. It is a stupid Indian, if he has passed the half-century mark, who cannot tell you how Gitche Manito, or Wes-a-ka-chack made all things.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

TEMAGAMI

THE NEW
YORK PUBLIC

HOW GOD MADE TEMAGAMI

" There is nothing remarkable about the fact that Gitche Manito made Temagami," said Meniseno, by way of preface, " but it is remarkable that so great a thing could be so simply done."

Here he paused to collect his thoughts, and blew smoke above his hatless head. He put his gnarled hand upon the head of Woodgi, the landlord's little dog, and gazed wistfully out over the water, while out of the nestling islands a bark canoe came slowly, driven by his daughter Weiga.

" You must remember," Meniseno said, " that all this beautiful wilderness was once a bleak, barren, waterless waste. All the way from the big-sea-water to the salt sea, which is far to the north, there was only wind-swept sand.

" Now when Gitche Manito saw this, he said, ' This is not good,' and he caused countless springs of water to well up from the sapless sands. He drew his fingers across the face of the earth and furrowed out rivers that run down to the sea, and yet so great was the desert thus

reclaimed that he saw the need of more water. It is easier to trail over the open face of a lake in winter than to thread the forests, and it is infinitely easier to paddle in summer than to walk, so Gitche Manito concluded to make Temagami."

By this time we were eager to learn just how it was done, but Meniseno was in no hurry and removed his pipe and almost smiled as the little bark canoe poked her bow upon the shelving shore and Weiga walked up the bank, bringing with her the White Lady from Bear Island, whom the old man named Kesis, because Kesis is Ojibway for sunshine. So, according to Meniseno, she was the sunshine of the Island. When the young people had nodded and passed — Kesis carrying the Indian girl up to her own room, the old Indian went on.

"If you were to take a dipper full of molten silver and spill it upon the sandy shore down by the water edge it would sprawl and splash and spangle and then lie quite still. Well, that is just the way our god made Temagami. He simply reached over into the deep sea, scooped

up a handful of water and spilled it here on what was then a sandy waste. The water fell heavily. Here and there it drove deep into the sand, and when Gitche Manito looked down he saw this wonderful lake with its numerous inlets and outlets, and he called it Temagami, which means as you all know, ' deep water.' "

The simple childlike faith of the aged Indian was beautiful to behold, and his face told us that he would not hesitate to follow his god to the end of the earth, and beyond.

A white sail glistened among the evergreen isles and the white launch loafed in the offing. Some boys were diving from a huge rock that raised its granite head out of the crystal water, while down on the little wharf big fish floundered and glad children romped and played upon the shingled shore. The little dog rubbed up against the old man's knee and peered up into the furrowed face, but the soul of Meniseno had gone with Gitche. He was musing upon the mystery of it all. Presently he said:

" Because of the water, the grass and flowers

and the forest came. Because of the good god of the Red man, the bear, the beaver, the moose and the red deer came and what had been a desert waste, became a beautiful world. Yes," he went on with a trace of enthusiasm, " Gitche Manito made all this — all this entrancing Temagami with its fourteen hundred islands and three thousand miles of shore line."

The summer winds came sighing through the cedars, humming in the hemlocks, lifted the iron gray tresses of the old Indian and puffed the perfume of the pipes through the wide veranda and then drifted out over the clear water to where the white sail shimmered in the sun and the white launch was now cutting figure eights among the islands.

Presently Meniseno was moved and he went on, telling us in detail how each isle and mount was made. " Old Nokomis," said he, " climbed upon the hill behind us here (it was a mountain then, when first splashed up by the spilled water) and lost her footing. She sat down and began to slide. She dug her heels into the earth, but she was unable to stop until

she reached the foot of the mountain, and when she did stop she had pushed a great mass of earth and stone far into the lake, which is now called 'Old Woman Island,' because an old woman put it there."

At this point some one suggested that these were fables. "I not understand," said the Indian, looking from one to another of the guests. "Fish stories!" the man explained.

"No — that was before the white man, when everything was true and honest; when we cached only against the wildcat and wolf. Have you seen the grave on Bear Island?" he continued, excitedly, "the one marked with a black stone?"

Nobody had seen it, and Meniseno continued, "Well, that is the grave of the first white man who dipped a paddle in Temagami. He met a great chief of the Algonquins and asked him for powder. The Algonquin passed his horn over and as the canoes rocked side by side the white man let the horn fall into the deep water. 'Excuse me,' he said, and dived down to fetch up the horn. When the Algonquin

had waited maybe two or three minutes he looked over the side and saw the white man standing there on the sandy bottom of the lake coolly pouring the powder out of the Indian's horn into his own.

"Now the Algonquin had never seen a thing like that done by one man to another. He saw that this stranger was thoroughly bad, so he sat back in his boat and waited and when the white man came up struck him with his paddle and because of all this there is the grave on one side of the graveyard, marked with a black stone. That," said Meniseno, significantly, "is the way of the white man."

"And is that true, too?" asked the young man who had interrupted the story-teller.

"Well," he answered, and there was the faintest hint of a smile around his eyes, "may be so that was after the white man. The rest is true about the lake and the islands."

"And how did he make cobalt, this Gitche god of yours?" asked the skeptic.

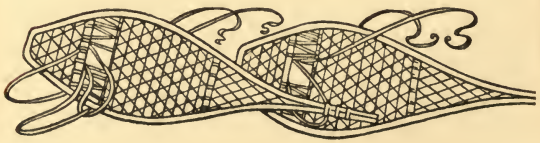
"Just as he made all else, out of anything — out of nothing." And the old Indian, stretch-

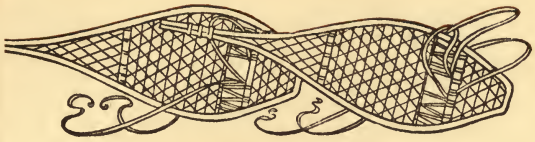
ing out his arm, closed his fist on a handful of Temagami air and then opened it as if to show us the nothingness of nothing, out of which his Gitche made things.

"Ah," said Meniseno, "the white man is wondrous wise, yet he knows so little that the ancient children of Gitche could teach him. Of course, you must know that there was nothing bad in the days when only the Red men roamed these wilds. The world was wondrous fair. The stars were more brilliant, the moonlight clearer, the sunshine brighter, and the sky was a deeper blue. Why Gitche Manito used to gather stray sunbeams and weave them into cloth of gold. He had only to put forth his hand, skim the moonlight from the lake, squeeze it dry and it was a solid silver. And yet you, O white man, make empty talk and laugh at the god of the Red men who was ever wise and good. You mock me, an old man, and ask, expecting no answer, how Gitche Manito made this and that. I need not answer, but I will. He made forests and streams and the fishes, whose fins he gilded with the gold of the sun. He dipped

the wild rose into the liquid glory that floods the west when the day is dying. He brought the blue from the burnished sky, swept the silver from the shimmering lakes, mixed it with a million sunbeams, and scattered it broadcast over all the earth, and there is your silver, your cobalt and gold, for which the white man will burrow and battle and fight and die, and die laughing at Gitche Manito, the mighty, who made it all."

The old Indian pulled hard at his pipe, forgetting that the fire was out, and when Weiga, his daughter, came down, he rose and without a parting gesture, strode away into the forest, followed by the comely Indian maiden who cooked his meals.





Hoskaninni's Ghost

THEY tell a tale on th' Tickaboo
  Beyond the snowy range —
A story, if it be not true,
  Is surely wondrous strange.

They say, at midnight when the winds
  From out the cañons blow,
And Colorado's foamy waves
  Break on the reefs below,

A horse of solid silver,
  Whose feet are shod with gold,
Comes dashing down the cañon,
  Reined by a rider bold —

The Ghost of Hoskaninni —
  With wild and wandering eye,
Who comes to guard the pathway
  Of th'[1] hosteen pes'la-ki.

[1] White silver hunter.

WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI

The sheepmen tell the story;
The prospector who came
From th' Tintic mines in Juab,
Said he had heard the same.

The trapper by the river;
My guide, the Navajo;
Says he has heard the story
And knows that it is so —

That every night at midnight,
When winds go wailing by,
Rides the Ghost of Hoskaninni
'Gainst th' hosteen pes'la-ki.

" For here it was the Spaniard,"
Said he, " made Injun slave;
And may-be-so the river
Flows sometime by the grave

" Of my own mother's mother,
Who, 'fore she came to die,
Was made to dig the peso
For th' hosteen pes'la-ki.

HOSKANINNI'S GHOST

" But brave old Hoskaninni,
'Fore death his hands had tied,
Said he would guard the peso;
Made paper-talk and died.

" And even now, at midnight,
As we talk — you and I,
Rides the Ghost of Hoskaninni
'Gainst th' hosteen pes'la-ki.

The Belle of Athabasca[1]

ATHABASCA BELLE did not burst upon Smith the Silent all at once, like a rainbow or a sunrise in the desert. He would never say she had been thrust upon him. She was acquired, he said, in an unguarded moment.

The trouble began when Smith was path-finding on the upper Athabasca for the new railway. Among his other assets Smith had two camp kettles. One was marked with the three initials of the new line, which, at that time, existed only on writing material, empty pots, and equally empty parliamentary perorations. The other was not marked at all. It was the personal property of Jacques, who cooked for Smith and his outfit. The Belle was a fine-looking Cree — tall, strong, *magnifique*. Jacques warmed to her from the start, but the

[1] Copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

JACQUES COOKING FOR SMITH, THE SILENT.

Belle was not for Jacques, himself a Siwash three to one. She scarcely looked at him, and answered him only when he asked if she'd *encore* the pork and beans. But she looked at Smith. She would sit by the hour, her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, watching him wistfully, while he drew crazy, crooked lines or pictured mountains with rivers running between them, — all of which, from the Belle's point of view, was not only a waste of time, but had absolutely nothing to do with the case.

The Belle and her brown mother came to the camp of the Silent first one glorious morn in the moon of August, with a basket of wild berries and a pair of beaded moccasins. Smith bought both — the berries for Jacques, out of which he built strange pies, and the moccasins for himself. He called them his night slippers, but as a matter of fact there was no night on the Athabasca at that time. The day was divided into three shifts, one long and two short ones, — daylight, dusk, and dawn. So it was daylight when the Belle first fixed her large dark eyes

upon the strong, handsome face of Smith the Silent, as he sat on his camp stool, bent above a map he was making. Belle's mother, being old in years and unafraid, came close, looked at the picture for a moment, and exclaimed: "Him Jasper Lake," pointing up the Athabasca.

"You know Jasper Lake?" asked the engineer, glancing up for the first time.

"*Oui*," said the old woman (Belle's stepfather was half French); "know 'im ver' well."

Smith looked her over as a matter of habit, for he allowed no man or woman to get by him with the least bit of information concerning the country through which his imaginary line lay. Then he glanced at Belle for fully five seconds, then back to his blue print. Nobody but a he-nun, or a man already wedded to the woods, could do that, but to the credit of the camp it will go down that the chief was the only man in the outfit who failed to feel her presence. As for Jacques, the alloyed Siwash, he carried the scar of that first meeting for six months, and may, for aught I know, take it with him to his

little swinging grave. Even Smith remembers to this day how she looked, standing there on her two trim ankles, that disappeared into her hand-turned sandals or faded in the flute and fringe of her fawnskin skirt. Her full bosom rose and fell, and you could count the beat of her wild heart in the throb of her throat. Her cheeks showed a faint flush of red through the dark olive, — the flush of health and youth, — her nostrils dilated, like those of an Ontario high-jumper, as she drank life from the dewy morn, while her eye danced with the joy of being alive. Jacques sized and summed her up in the one word "magnifique." But in that moment, when she caught the keen, piercing eye of the engineer, the Belle had a stroke that comes sooner or later to all these wild creatures of the wilderness, but comes to most people but once in a lifetime. She never forgot the gleam of that one glance, though the Silent one was innocent enough.

It was during the days that followed, when she sat and watched him at his work, or followed him for hours in the mountain fastnesses, that the Belle of Athabasca lost her heart.

When he came upon a bit of wild scenery and stopped to photograph it, the Belle stood back of him, watching his every movement, and when he passed on she followed, keeping always out of sight.

The Belle's mother haunted him. As often as he broke camp and climbed a little higher up-stream, the brown mother moved also, and with her the Belle.

"What does this old woman want?" asked the engineer of Jacques one evening when, returning to his tent, he found the fat Cree and her daughter camping on his trail.

"She want that pot," said Jacques.

"Then for the love of Wes-a-ka-chack, god of the Crees," said Smith, "give it into her hands and bid her begone."

Jacques did as directed, and the old Indian went away, but she left the girl.

The next day Smith started on a reconnoissance that would occupy three or four days. As he never knew himself when he would return, he never took the trouble to inform Jacques, the tail of the family.

After breakfast the Belle went over to her mother's. She would have lunched with her mother from the much coveted kettle, but the Belle's mother told her that she should return to the camp of the white man, who was now her lord and master. So the Belle went back and lunched with Jacques, who otherwise must have lunched alone. Jacques tried to keep her, and wooed her in his half-wild way; but to her sensitive soul he was repulsive. Moreover, she felt that in some mysterious manner her mother had transferred her, together with her love and allegiance, to Smith the Silent, and to him she must be true. Therefore she returned to the Cree camp.

As the sinking sun neared the crest of the Rockies, the young Indian walked back to the engineer's camp. As she strode along the new trail she plucked wildflowers by the wayside and gathered leaves and wove them into vari-coloured wreaths, swinging along with the easy grace of a wild deer.

Now some women would say she had not much to make her happy, but she was happy nevertheless. She loved a man — to her the

noblest, most godlike creature of his kind, — and she was happy in abandoning herself to him. She had lived in this love so long, had felt and seen it grow from nothing to something formidable, then to something fine, until now it filled her and thrilled her; it overspread everything, outran her thoughts, brought the far-off mountains nearer, shortened the trail between her camp and his, gave a new glow to the sunset, a new glory to the dawn and a fresher fragrance to the wildflowers; the leaves whispered to her, the birds came nearer and sang sweeter; in short it was her life — the sunshine of her soul. And that's the way a wild woman loves.

And she was to see him soon. Perhaps he would speak to her, or smile on her. If only he gave a passing glance she would be glad and content to know that he was near. Alas, he came not at all. She watched with the stars, through the short night, slept at dawn, and woke to find Jacques preparing the morning meal. She thought to question Jacques, but her interest in the engineer, and the growing conviction that his own star sank as his master's rose, ren-

dered him unsafe as a companion to a young bride whose husband was in the hills and unconscious of the fact that he was wedded to anything save the wilderness and his work.

Jacques not only refused to tell her where the engineer was operating, but promised to strangle her if she mentioned his master's name again.

At last the long day died, the sunset was less golden, and the stars sang sadder than they sang the day before. She watched the west, into which he had gone and out of which she hoped he might return to her. Another round of dusk and dawn and there came another day, with its hours that hung like ages. When she sighed her mother scolded and Jacques swore. When at last night came to curtain the hills, she stole out under the stars and walked and walked until the next day dawned. A lone wolf howled to his kith, but they were not hungry and refused to answer his call. Often, in the dark, she fancied she heard faint, feline footsteps behind her. Once a big black bear blocked her trail, staring at her with lifted muzzle wet with dew and stained with berry juice. She

did not faint nor scream nor stay her steps, but strode on. Now nearer and nearer came the muffled footsteps behind her. The black bear backed from the trail and kept backing, pivoting slowly, like a locomotive on a turntable, and as she passed on, stood staring after her, his small eyes blinking in babylike bewilderment. And so through the dusk and dark and dawn this love-mad maiden walked the wilderness, innocent of arms, and with no one near to protect her save the little barefooted bowman whom the white man calls the God of Love.

Meanwhile away to the west, high in the hills, where the Findlay flowing into the Pine makes the Peace, then cutting through the crest of the continent makes a path for the Peace, Smith and his little army, isolated, remote, with no cable connecting them with the great cities of civilization, out of touch with the telegraph, away from the war correspondent, with only the music of God's rills for a regimental band, were battling bravely in a war that can end only with the conquest of a wilderness. Ah, these be the great generals — these un-

heralded heroes who, while the smoke of slaughter smudges the skies and shadows the sun, wage a war in which they kill only time and space, and in the end, without despoiling the rest of the world, win homes for the homeless. These are the heroes of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Finding no trace of the trail-makers, the Belle faced the rising sun and sought the camp of the Crees.

The mysterious shadow with the muffled tread, that had followed her from the engineer's camp, shrank back into the bush as she passed down the trail. That was Jacques. He watched her as she strode by him, uncertain as to whether he loved or hated her, for well he knew why she walked the wilderness all night alone. Now the Gitche in his unhappy heart made him long to lift her in his arms and carry her to camp, and then the bad god, Mitche, would assert himself and say to the savage that was in him, " Go, kill her. She despises her race and flings herself at the white man's feet." And so, impelled by passion and stayed by love, he followed

her. The white man within him made him ashamed of his skulking, and the Indian that was in him guided him around her and home by a shorter trail.

That night the engineers returned, and when Smith saw the Cree in the camp he jumped on Jacques furiously.

"Why do you keep this woman here?" he demanded.

"I—keep? Me?" quoth Jacques, blinking as bewildered as the black bear had blinked at the Belle.

"Who but you? — you heathen!" hissed the engineer.

Now Jacques, calling up the ghosts of his dead sires, asserted that it was the engineer himself who was "keeping" the Cree. "You bought her—she's yours," said Jacques, in the presence of the company.

"You ill-bred ——" Smith choked, and reached for a tent prop. The next moment his hand was at the Indian's throat. With a quick twist of his collar band he shut off the Siwash's wind, choking him to the earth.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, and Jacques, coughing, put up his hands. "I meant no lie," said he. "Did you not give to her mother the camp kettle? She has it, marked G. T. P."

"And what of that?"

"*Voilà*," said Jacques, "because of that she gave to you the Belle of Athabasca."

Smith dropped his stick, releasing the Indian.

"I did not mean she is sold to you. She is trade — trade for the empty pot, the Belle — the beautiful. From yesterday to this day she followed you, far, very far, to the foot of the Grande Côte, and nothing harmed her. The mountain lion looked on her in terror, the timber wolf took to the hills, the black bear backed from the trail and let her pass in peace," said Jacques, with glowing enthusiasm. It was the first time he had talked of her, save to the stars and to Wes-a-ka-chack, and he glowed and grew eloquent in praise of her.

"You take her," said Smith, with one finger levelled at the head of the cook, "to the camp of the Crees. Say to her mother that your master

is much obliged for the beautiful gift, but he's too busy to get married and too poor to support a wife."

From the uttermost rim of the ring of light that came from the flickering fire la Belle the beautiful heard and saw all that had passed between the two men. She did not throw herself at the feet of the white man. Being a wild woman she did not weep nor cry out with the pain of his words, that cut like cold steel into her heart. She leaned against an aspen tree, stroking her throat with her left hand, swallowing with difficulty. Slowly from her girdle she drew a tiny hunting-knife, her one weapon, and toyed with it. She put the hilt to the tree, the point to her bare breast, and breathed a prayer to Wes-a-ka-chack, the god of the Crees. She had only to throw the weight of her beautiful body on the blade, sink without a moan to the moss, and pass, leaving the camp undisturbed.

Smith marked the faintest hint of sarcasm in the half smile of the Indian as he turned away.

"Come here," he cried. Jacques approached

cautiously. "Now, you skulking son of a Siwash, this is to be skin for skin. If any harm comes to that young Cree you go to your little hammock in the hemlocks — you understand?"

"*Oui, monsieur,*" said Jacques.

"Very well, then; remember — skin for skin."

Now to the Belle, watching from the shelter in the darkness, there was something splendid in this. To hear her praises sung by the Siwash, then to have the fair god, who had heard that story, champion her, to take the place of her protector, was all new to her. "Ah, good God," she sighed; "it is better, a thousand times better, to love and lose him than to waste one's life, never knowing this sweet agony."

She felt in a vague way that she was soaring above the world and its woes. At times, in the wild tumult of her tempestuous soul, she seemed to be borne beyond it all, through beautiful worlds. Love, for her, had taken on great white wings, and as he wafted her out of the wilderness and into her heaven, his talons tore

into her heart and hurt like hell, yet she could rejoice because of the exquisite pleasure that surpassed the pain.

"Sweet Wes-a-ka-chack," she sighed, "good god of my dead, I thank thee for the gift of this great love that stays the steel when my aching heart yearns for it. I shall not destroy myself and distress him, disturbing him in his great work, whatever it is; but live — live and love him, even though he send me away."

She kissed the burnished blade and returned it to her belt.

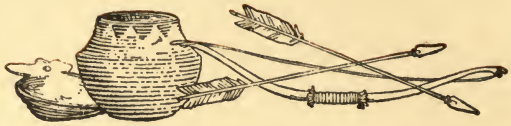
When Jacques, circling the camp, failed to find her, he guessed that she was gone, and hurried after her along the dim, starlit trail. When he had overtaken her, they walked on together. Jacques tried now to renew his acquaintance with the handsome Cree and to make love to her. She heard him in absolute silence. Finally, as they were nearing the Cree camp, he taunted her with having been rejected by the white man.

"And my shame is yours," said she, softly. "I love him; he sends me away. You love me; I send you from me — it is the same."

AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

Jacques, quieted by this simple statement, said good night and returned to the tents, where the pathfinders were sleeping peacefully under the stars.

And over in the Cree camp the Belle of Athabasca, upon her bed of boughs, slept the sleep of the innocent, dreaming sweet dreams of her fair god, and through them ran a low, weird song of love, and in her dream Love came down like a beautiful bird and bore her out of this life and its littleness, and though his talons tore at her heart and hurt, yet was she happy because of the exquisite pleasure that surpassed all pain.



The Search for Gold

UNDER the arch of the curving sky
The silent Siwash sits alone;
Close by the trail of the *pes'-la-ki*,[1]
Hearing the low winds wail and moan,
Wagging his head and wondering why
The white man comes in a steaming ship
To search for gold at the rainbow's tip.

"For what is gold but a broken stone,
A part of this worthless waste of hills?"
The Siwash questions. The sad winds moan,
But make no answer. The long night stills
The thrush, and curtains the Klondike sky;
And still they come, ship after ship,
To search for gold at the rainbow's tip.

[1] Prospector.

Chekko and Uncle Ben

It was in the summer of '97 that a quiet man came to our camp to open an assay office. It was a week or two later that a miner, ore-stained and wind-browned, pushed his way into the local bank and asked for the manager. The paying teller indicated a back room, and the man went in. The manager turned slowly on his revolving chair, the stranger looked at him steadily for a moment, shook his head, sighed and turned away.

"No, he's not the man," he said, moving toward the door.

"What can I do for you?" asked the manager.

"Oh, nothin'; I was lookin' for Mr. Macguigan."

"That is my name."

"Yes — I know, but you ain't the man — you ain't Sandy Macguigan."

The disappointment and bereavement of the stranger interested the manager, and in a little while he had the sad story. The hoar hermit, after years of hill and bush life, seemed quite willing to talk. Finding himself face to face with a white man, the past came back again, even his boyhood's happy days down in old Kentucky.

They had been pards, for years, he told the manager. Macguigan, who was younger, was known as Sandy, and this grizzled trailman as Uncle Ben.

Indeed, that was the only name he gave, or would give.

Yes, they had been pards, but, in an evil hour, they strolled into El Paso, the cards and a woman went against them, they quarrelled, each reached for his gun — and then they both changed their minds.

That night they parted on the banks of the Rio Grande, but with the promise that, whichever happened to be first to find pay dirt,

should look the other up and share the fortune with him. They were to be partners still, but never again to sleep under the same blanket.

Sandy remained in El Paso, with the senorita at his feet rolling and lighting cigarettes for him. Uncle Ben wandered to the north and fell in with a very wise Indian named Chekko, who lived alone in the Yellowhead Pass, far from any man, red or white.

In time Chekko and Uncle Ben became fast friends. One night the Indian had a dream. He dreamed that away to the north ran a river whose shoal waters rippled over pebbles of gold. Going into the bush, he brought forth a staff of witch hazel — a sort of divining rod — and off he started for northern British Columbia, followed closely by Uncle Ben.

After weeks and months of weary marching, when in a deep cañon in the heart of the Rockies, Chekko stopped suddenly, and looked at the walls on either side. The divining rod quivered and pointed into a side cañon. They had gone but a little ways up the narrow gulch when

the rod was wrenched from Chekko's grasp and fell upon his foot. Hard by they saw a running brook, the black sands of which were brilliant with pebbles of gold. In proof of his story, Uncle Ben brought from his deep pockets any amount of dust, nuggets and a small bar of pure gold. They had been in the gorge for more than two years. Chekko, in addition to being superstitious, had a great dread of the white men. They were all thieves and robbers, he said, and he had sworn by the bark of the witch hazel that no white man would ever come within twenty paces of him, and he, if he knew it and could avoid it, would not pass within twenty miles of a white man.

And so it had taken Uncle Ben two years to persuade Chekko to allow him to take the gold out to Sandy Macguigan, who, as Uncle Ben had learned, ran a bank.

He knew Sandy, he said, and knew him to be an honest man.

But now (he dashed a tear away) it was all off. This Macguigan was not Sandy, and he would not deceive Chekko.

Gathering up his gold, Uncle Ben moved toward the door.

"Do you think Sandy would buy your gold if you could find him?" asked the banker.

"Oh, I don't want him to buy it. I only wanted him to take it and ship it away an' git some sort of machine to git the gold out with. You see the whole mountain's full of this kind o' rock," and as he spoke produced a handful of the richest gold quartz that had ever been seen in our camp. Now the banker could not know, positively, that the slab was gold or that the great nuggets were not nuggets of brass, but this quartz was good rock and he wanted some of it. As Uncle Ben put the specimens back into his deep pockets and reached for the door, the banker spoke:

"Perhaps, if you can't find Sandy, you'll let me help you out."

The old prospector smiled sadly, and shook his head.

"No," he said, "I don't say you ain't square, an' I thank you very kindly, but Chekko won't have it — not fer a minute."

That was all he said, and he passed out into the street, followed the street until it became a dim wagon road, then a trail, and when the trail pinched out disappeared in the trackless forest.

The quiet man with the brown beard and the Georgia accent, who had come to camp to open an assay office, became in a few short weeks, one of the "leading citizens." He identified himself at once with one of the churches (the oldest and most aristocratic in the camp), sang in the choir and taught a class in Sunday-school when the regular man was away in the hills. This is of the first importance when you open a new business in a Canadian town — to "identify" yourself.

The manager of the local bank attended the same service and so the two men became acquainted. But the banker did not tell the assayer of his mysterious visitor, or of the far-away river that rippled over a bed of gold. Not that he had forgotten. He lost many an hour's sleep on account of Uncle Ben and his fascinating story.

Three fretful, feverish weeks passed, the door

squeaked and Uncle Ben stood once more in the banker's private office. The banker tried to appear unconcerned. He got up and closed the door that Uncle Ben had left open, but before he had resumed his seat the strange visitor had swung it wide again. "The whole wide world ain't none too big fer me," said Uncle Ben, "an' they ain't no use droppin' the blanket over a square deal."

The old man had lived so long in the open, seeing and knowing only Chekko, that he hated four walls and no exit.

It required a great deal of diplomacy upon the part of the banker to bring the old miner to consider a proposition from a Macguigan who was not Sandy. Finally, by careful angling, the money man got from Uncle Ben a vague promise that if Chekko could be won over, he would be willing to allow the banker to help them out, but with the explicit understanding that the manager should risk nothing. This was the wish of the honest old prospector. He even insisted that the banker should have the bar, nuggets and the dust tested before shipping

the former, so that no embarrassment could possibly come to his new friend. It was further agreed that the banker, for his part in the work, should have a one-third interest in all that Chekko and Uncle Ben possessed.

"But before we do more," said Uncle Ben, "you take this bar to an assayer, or two if they's two in town, an' see if it's all right."

Carefully covering the little slab of gold with a newspaper, the banker stole out in search of a man with crucible and scales and bottles and things for testing ore.

Of course, the old miner went along; not that he doubted the honesty of the banker, but he had sworn to Chekko, touching the witch hazel, that the treasure should not leave his sight. They called upon the old assayer, who had come to camp with the boom and had never accumulated enough wealth to take him farther, but the old assayer was away. They gathered from a scrap of paper tacked on the front door that it would be three or four days before the professor would return.

The banker was saying that he would risk it

and send the slab to Montreal, when the keen eye of Uncle Ben caught the swinging sign, " Jefferson Randolph Smith, Assayer."

" Ah, to be sure," said the banker, beaming. " I had forgotten that we have two assayers now. How stupid of me."

" But," said Uncle Ben, tugging at the banker's sleeve, " can we trust this stranger? "

" Yes, indeed. I know him well, goes to our church, fine fellow and from the south, too."

The assayer was busy. They could hear him jingling his tongs, and when the door opened they could smell the ore roasting in the furnace in the little back room. When Uncle Ben had been introduced, he wanted to see the great man at work, but the assayer explained to him that it was only fair to his customers that no one should enter a test room. A sprinkle of dust in a worthless sample, he explained, might cause a millionaire to exchange places with a pauper. The banker expressed the opinion that that would be a good thing — for the pauper — and appealed to Uncle Ben for his opinion on the point.

"Not if he came by it through fraud," said the old man, his steel blue eyes fixed upon the banker's face.

The assayer had informed his friend, the banker, that it would be impossible to do anything for him before the middle of the afternoon, but when the banker produced the slab of gold, the assayer said he would drop his other work, and make a test. The old miner, having caught from Chekko a lurking suspicion of all white men, kept a close watch on the assayer, and when the latter came with his brace and bit, it was Uncle Ben's own hand that guided the auger, the banker holding the bar in place upon the low table.

When the assayer, nervous and excited, had gone into the back room with half the borings, Uncle Ben gathered the rest up carefully, tied them in a knot in one corner of his big cotton handkerchief, and dropped them into his pocket.

In a little while the assayer came out with a bright button of gold, and a certificate fixing the value of the bar at $19.10 an ounce. The eye of the banker danced as he looked into the

dancing eye of the assayer, while Uncle Ben kept one hand upon the slab. The hand of the banker trembled as he slid a crisp Canadian five-dollar note into the trembling hand of the assayer.

Now the banker, passing out, called a cheery good-bye to the man who had made him happy, and the latter answered " So-long," but Uncle Ben said not a word.

When they were alone again in the banker's private office, Uncle Ben informed his companion that he did not like the look of the assayer.

The banker only laughed. He was too happy to see anything but good in a world that had been so good to him.

" But why did he take out twice as much gold as he needed? It is plain to me that he meant to keep the balance."

" But you brought it away with you."

" Yes," said Uncle Ben, " and I want you to take it to the other assayer when he returns and see what he says."

The banker assured the old man that it was all right.

" Yes, I suppose it is," said Uncle Ben, " but I want you to know. If the other man finds the same, then you will be satisfied." So the banker promised.

And in this way Mr. Macguigan became third owner in a mine that was a marvel or — a myth. Still the bargain was not sealed. Chekko's consent must be gained. This could be brought about by Uncle Ben, and by him alone.

Now that he had overcome his own foolish fears, the storm-tanned prospector seemed anxious to win his superstitious pardner over to the white man. It was upon this business that he embarked that afternoon for Revelstoke. There was no need of secrecy, so far as the banker was concerned, for was he not now as deeply interested in protecting the property as was Uncle Ben or Chekko?

A week passed, and no word from Uncle Ben. The banker called on the assayer. He felt that he must talk with some one who knew about the bar of gold, but the assayer's office was closed. " Out of town," was all the paper-talk on the door had to tell.

The banker became uneasy. Could the absence of this man have any connection with the disappearance of Uncle Ben? No, he thought not; but the days dragged like years. A dozen times a day he would take the little gold button from his pocket and look it over. On the ninth day he took the button to the old assayer, and the old assayer said it was gold.

"But what is it worth, suppose I have a peck of those buttons?"

"Oh, I should say about nineteen dollars."

The banker slept better that night. The new assayer had been in the bank that day, and this fact helped to quiet the banker's fears.

Still another day, and no news from Uncle Ben. The banker became restless. The suspense was unbearable. After all, what assurance had he that this button came from the auger hole? Ah, the borings! Why not have the old assayer pass upon the shavings that Uncle Ben had saved? Uncle Ben had, of course, carried the bar away with him, but the borings would do as well.

Thirty minutes from the birth of this brilliant

thought the banker was waiting in the assay office for the result of the run. After what seemed an age to him, the man came out with a certificate that read, " Gold, $19.10."

The banker slept again that night. It is wonderful what men will suffer, risk and endure for gold. It is the white man's god. The next day Uncle Ben came back to camp, but when the banker saw that he had no gold a chill passed down the banker's spine. Chekko would not consent. For nearly two weeks the white man had laboured with the old Indian, but he would not. The white men were all thieves, and if they set foot in the new camp Chekko would be driven out. Uncle Ben showed plainly his disappointment. He had come back only to apprise the banker of what he had done, or rather failed to do, and to warn his new friend against attempting to find out the place of the golden river. Chekko never slept. If any white man came to that camp Chekko would surely shoot him with a bullet made of pure gold.

The banker had another chill. Not at dread

of being filled with golden buckshot, but because of a strange coincidence. He had just read in the local paper an item headed

"BULLETS OF GOLD"

"Mr. Smith, our new and obliging assayer, whose business card can be seen in another column, and whose deep, bass voice may be heard every Sunday at the Church of the Ascension, killed a caribou on Wednesday of this week and sold the carcass to Mr. Grass, the accomplished butcher at the corner of 4th and Brook Streets. Imbedded against one of the animal's shoulder-blades the butcher found a bullet of gold. While cutting up the last quarter another golden shot was found slightly flattened against the hip bone of the caribou. One of said bullets can be seen at this office. The other, having been tested by Mr. Smith, and found to be pure gold, is on exhibition in the window of Mr. Grass's shop."

Surely the plot thickens. Just as all things seemed to conspire a few days ago to shake

the banker's faith, so did these circumstances rush in to overwhelm him with evidence of the honesty of Uncle Ben and the wonderful richness of the find. To be sure, the pleasure of this brightening prospect was marred by the sad news from the camp, the news of the old Indian's obstinacy, but surely a way could be found to get by the Indian.

Why should a heathen savage be allowed to stand between the world and knowledge — between the banker and a fortune? It was absurd. Do not Christian nations kill savages in order to civilize them, and incidentally to save their souls? He would not do murder, but he would cheerfully chloroform this old idiot, and then wake him up a rich and happy man. When he had tried every other argument on the old miner, he suggested the chloroform, but to his amazement, Uncle Ben did not even know the meaning of the word. The banker explained the nature and effect of the drug, and instantly the old miner stood up.

"And you advise this? To take such advantage of an innocent man, to deceive my best

friend, rob him of his reason, which is the sunlight of the great spirit, and then, while he is groping in darkness, rob him of his gold. Ah! Chekko is right. The white man is a hypocrite, a liar and a thief. This makes me wish I had been born red, or black, or even yaller — anything but white."

"Stay," gasped the banker, for Uncle Ben had turned and taken two long strides toward the door.

Macguigan heard the door slam, and Uncle Ben was gone.

When the editor of the local paper asked the banker where he was bound for, the banker said he was just going into the hills on a private matter, which was perfectly true. It was perfectly natural, too, that the banker should take this trip, for his rest had been broken for ten nights.

He had been three days in the hill camp when he caught sight of Uncle Ben coming out of a grocery store. The prospector would have passed on without recognizing the banker,

but the latter would not let it happen that way. He spoke to the miner, calling him Uncle Ben, and showing great surprise and much pleasure at the unexpected meeting. Uncle Ben was remote, but not altogether frosty in his intercourse with Macguigan. After much persuasion the prospector consented to break bread with the man who had offered to help him, and before they left the table they had some white wine that sparkled and bit like hard cider, and it put Uncle Ben in better spirits than he had shown for some time.

When the last glint of gold was gone from the western sky and the stars studded the blue vault above the valley, the two men said goodbye and Uncle Ben disappeared in the forest behind the camp.

Before they separated the banker succeeded in getting the old man to promise to visit him once more and see if some arrangements could not be made looking to the development of the property that the lucky prospectors had discovered.

Of course, Uncle Ben kept his promise. To

the great joy of the banker he brought back the bar of gold. When the two men had been together for an hour the banker had gotten from Uncle Ben the bewildering statement that, in addition to the small slab which he carried, they had cached near their camp a rough bar that would weigh seventy-five or eighty pounds. He was tired of living so, starving in a bank vault, so to speak, and had at last gained Chekko's consent to give up a third interest in the mine for the banker's help. But first Chekko must have some tangible proof of the banker's existence and of his wealth. Finally it was agreed that the banker should weigh up the gold that Uncle Ben had brought — the bar, the nuggets and three bags of dust, and find the cash value of the whole. Thirty-six thousand, nine hundred and sixty dollars was what it was worth.

"How much is Chekko's share?" asked Uncle Ben, eagerly.

The banker figured a moment and said: "$12,320." "Then take $12,320 in cash and show it to Chekko. He knows money —

knows what it looks like — an' if we show it to him he will be satisfied; then you can bring the money back and lock it up in your iron box again. You can bring the big bar of gold at the same time," he added, as if this had been a mere afterthought.

The banker sighed a sigh that was a great relief to him, and then he called the paying teller and told him to put the gold in the vault.

The difficulty that confronted the banker now was how to get this $12,320 out of the bank. He could not draw a check for the amount himself without exciting the cashier. He must have a confederate. He would take in a partner, but it must be some one not connected with the bank.

He called upon a friend who did a little business in a legal way, but the friend was out. He now sought out the editor of the local paper and told him little bits of the wonderful story that had come to him in sections during the past six weeks. The editor was willing, almost eager, to do his part and to take whatever came to him.

Uncle Ben was introduced, asked to supper at the editor's house, and accepted the invitation. Mr. Smith, the new assayer and bass singer, was there, and the banker. It was a pleasant evening. Here were three men of intelligence, all reasonably well educated, men of some refinement, entertaining an unwashed hillman, but they soon discovered that Uncle Ben was unconsciously entertaining them. From the moment he entered the little vestibule he had the whole party at the point of exploding with laughter. He watched the other men hang their hats on the moosehead hat rack, and then deposited his on the floor in the hall. When Mrs. Kling, the editor's wife, offered him a napkin, he said, " Thankee, I've got a hankicher." He had been reserved and very guarded in his conversation with the men, but in the presence of the ladies he thawed perceptibly. The inborn chivalry of the South still showed through the tan and thirty years of beard.

" What a nice cupboard," he said to the hostess.

" That isn't a cupboard, Uncle Ben," said

Mrs. Kling, sweetly; "that's a piano — a music box."

And then she went over, lifted the lid and let her hands wander idly over the keys.

Uncle Ben said no more, but as she resumed her seat his hostess saw him sneak a corner of his red and white kerchief up to his off eye.

Away along toward the coffee he became talkative again. "Uh," he exclaimed, grasping the stem of a champagne glass in his big brown fist, "that liquor's finer'n moose's milk." The roar of laughter, in which the ladies joined, seemed to embarrass the old man.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Ben," said Mr. Smith; "a bear story if you will."

"Wolves is worse'n bears," said Uncle Ben, making a bread pill and flipping it at the lamp that hung above the table. "Had a little time 'ith a couple uv 'em to-day, coming over."

"Tell us about it," urged the assayer, reaching for the nut-cracker.

"Yer wastin' good liquor there, pardner," said the old man, as Kling emptied the bottle

on the back of Uncle Ben's hand that sheltered his champagne glass.

" Jest before the train left the hill camp, I mosied into the lunch-room for a bite to eat. Whin I come out I see a couple o' fellers prancin' up an' down the walk lookin' s'f they'd been there fore we come. Little while after the train started they come into the car wher I set smokin', one pushed my shoulder down with a punch he packed, jest edzactly like them pinchers at Mr. Smith's mashin' nuts with, an' said to me, athorative like: ' Open up.'

" ' What? ' says I.

" ' Open up yer pack,' sais he, ' this is the government inspector,' pintin' his pinchers at the other man.

" Jest then we darted into one o' them wooden tunnels an' think's I here's a good place to hide the slab. Well, at the minit I was pokin' it under the cushin we darted out again an' one o' the inspectors see me. He caught my arm, trailed it down an' found the slab o' gold. First I'm mad, but some skeered at the same time. Then the second feller spoke. He tuck the slab

from the first man sayin', ' he's an old chap, we won't report it — give back his gold.'

" ' How much you got? ' he asked me.

" ' Thousand dollars,' says I.

" ' Ten per cent,' says he, ' give me a hundred dollars.'

" ' Ain't got it,' says I.

" ' Keep the gold, then,' says he to his pard, an' he starts out with the slab. Now we're in another tunnel. I riz up, an' grabbed the man by the arm an' he stopped. When we passed out into the daylight again I counted out a hundred, the man snatched it an' slammed the door after him.

" Well, while I'm still chucklin' over beatin' them out o' the tax on a couple o' thousand more, the ticket man come up to me an' asked what them fellers wanted.

" I explained, an' he flew up an' said ' I was a soft mark, that them wan't inspectors — them's confidential men,' says he.

" ' How much is it? ' says I, reachin' fer my sack.

" ' How much is what? '

" ' The tax,' says I.

" ' They ain't no tax to pay,' says he, an' then he went on through the car, mutterin' somethin' about suckers in a trout country."

The laugh that followed this story was not very loud. The thing was too pathetic.

At the end of a pleasant evening the guests departed, the banker showing Uncle Ben to the hotel on his way home.

Uncle Ben did not show up at the bank until the middle of the afternoon. It was Saturday, the bank was closed, but the manager was at his post. He had been there every moment from the hour of opening, and every hour expecting Uncle Ben. The old prospector showed no sign of regretting his bargain, but the banker was becoming uneasy. It was Saturday, the regular through train for hill camp had passed. The " flash roll " that was to be taken out of the bank to humour the old Indian must be returned before the bank opened on Monday morning. The manager thought of chartering a special train to carry him to the hills, but that would attract undue notice, and

possibly create a stampede to the new fields. A better plan would be to secure a permit and go over on the first freight which would put them in at midnight. It was agreed that Mr. Kling, the editor, should draw his personal check for $12,320. The cashier protested. It was irregular. The man Kling did not have 12,000 mills in the bank, but the manager told the cashier that it was all right. There was $36,000 worth of gold as security in the safe, besides the cash was to be returned Sunday afternoon, or long before the hour for opening on Monday. So the money went out.

The banker and the editor were greatly amused at the quaint sayings of Uncle Ben on the way over. The three men sat in the cupola of the way car. The moon was out full upon the White Mountains, making the world wildly beautiful.

"What's them iron strings fer?" asked Uncle Ben.

"Those are telegraph wires."

"But what's the good o' them? — they don't hold up the poles."

" Oh," said the editor, glancing at his friend, " we send messages over them. You write out a message — a letter — and hand it to the man at the station, and he sends it over the wire."

" Go on," said Uncle Ben, turning away to watch the moonlight that was playing on the ripples of a running stream.

" Honest," said Kling.

" No," the old man answered, " me an' Chekko watched them strings fer three weeks once, an' they wan't no letters passed. Chekko said they was put there to hold the poles together, an' that in winter the railroad would be boarded up to keep the snow out. I think Chekko's right."

It was one o'clock in the morning when Uncle Ben struck the dim trail north of the hill camp, followed by the banker bearing the " flash roll," the editor stumbling along in the rear. To the strangers it seemed that they were walking in a trackless wilderness, but the old pathfinder kept his feet swinging as though it were broad daylight. It was an hour before dawn when they were halted by a grunt, and

heard the click-click of a rifle cocking. Uncle Ben called in a strange tongue, Chekko answered. The pathfinder told his companions to remain where they were, and then approached the hogan, near the door of which the old Indian had spread his blankets.

Chekko stood forth in the moonlight, a solitary eagle feather sticking up from his fur cap.

The banker, eager to see the Indian, advanced two or three steps. Chekko cocked his rifle again, and the banker stepped back.

"If you come too near," said Uncle Ben, coming close to the white men, "you'll spoil it all."

"We won't," said the banker; "here — take the money and show it to him. Tell him we've got it to burn."

Uncle Ben took the satchel and showed the money to Chekko. The Indian only looked at it, grunted, and turned to regard the strangers.

Presently they saw Uncle Ben put the bundle of bills back into the grip. The Indian waved his hands, talked loud and pointed toward the east, where the dawn was showing.

"It's all right," said Uncle Ben, returning the grip to the banker, "only he says you must be gone before the sun is up. He's all broke up, but he won't make no trouble. He himself will guide you out to the main trail, but you must not come within twenty paces of him. Stay till I bring the bar of gold."

It was a great load — eighty pounds, as they afterward learned. The banker and the editor took turns carrying it, the old Indian leading the way. When it was full day the Indian put out a hand, signing the men to stop. Leaving the trail he placed himself upon a huge rock, pointed a bony hand down the trail and the men passed on.

When the Indian could be seen but dimly outlined against the forest, Kling called back, cheerily, "Adiose."

The banker and the editor reached camp just in time to board the east-bound train for home.

They were silent and thoughtful. Now and then they exchanged glances and smiles. All the way home the banker sat with one foot on the old rag of a blanket that covered the eighty-

pound slab of gold. The old satchel, with the $12,000 in it, lay in the rack above his head.

That night, in the banker's private office, the two men unrolled the old blanket, and there lay the big yellow bar. It was a sight to see. Weary and worn as they were they sat for hours talking over their good fortune.

The manager was busy at his desk when the bank opened for business on Monday morning. Uncle Ben was coming over on the express. "Did you bring the money back?" the cashier asked, entering the private office.

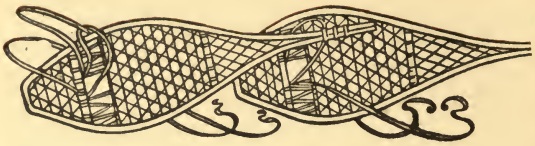
"Sure," said the manager, reaching for the little satchel that stood upon the top of his desk. When he had found the right key he unfastened the spring lock, lifted the bundle, looked at it for a second, and sank back in his chair. The bundle dropped from his hand. The cashier picked it up. It was a bundle of brown paper.

The revelations came swift and fast from that hour. The banker clipped a corner from the big slab and carried it to Mr. Smith, but Mr.

Smith's assay shop was closed. The card on the door read, " Adiose."

The old assayer was found, and the yellow slab was found to be worthless. The other bar, the smaller one, was brought out. There was a little gold in the bottom of the auger hole. The rest was tinkling brass. The nuggets were worthless; the dust sacks were filled with sand.

It was scarcely necessary to visit the " camp," but they did, the banker and the editor. Near the cabin they found an Indian false face and Uncle Ben's whiskers. Upon the cabin door there was a card upon which Uncle Ben had written " Adiose."



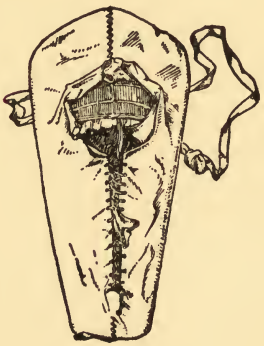
When Manuelito Died

THE good chief, Manuelito,
Had reigned for forty snows;
The best of all good Indians —
The prince of Navajos.
But now the fever burned him,
He turned from side to side,
'Twas death where'er he turned him,
And Manuelito died.

No scalps hung in his hogan,
For he did much abhor
Whatever breathed of bloodshed,
Whatever spoke of war.
And here, where oft the battle
Raged on the mountainside,
Were lowing herds of cattle
When Manuelito died.

WHEN MANUELITO DIED

Brave warriors stood before him
And bowed their heads and moaned,
A wrinkled squaw bent o'er him
With tearless eyes and moaned.
And, grieved almost to madness,
The scurrying camp birds cried,
The San Juan sang in sadness
When Manuelito died.



Eleven Hours of Afternoon

If you want to idle away a summer, hearing no bad news from home, go out across Canada, or nearly across, take the first turning to the right, at Edmonton, and get off at Athabasca Landing. Here you may provide yourself with a house-boat, a river raft, a rowboat, a bark canoe, or you may have built here a naphtha launch, if you take the necessary machinery along with you, secure an Indian guide and go drifting down the Athabasca River. When you have made a mile ask the "boy" of the boat how far it is to the ocean-edge, and he will tell you that there are fourteen hundred miles more, equally interesting, all open water to the open sea.

For days you may drift with the river's tide, now slowly where the river is wide, now swiftly where it's narrow, cold and deep. And always,

in the water about your boat there are fish, the finest food fish in the world, and along the banks wild game and a few half-wild Indians, and overhead water-fowls and some mosquitoes. You wonder where all the water comes from. The river upon which you ride was reasonably full from the first, but almost every day you drift past the mouth of another stream that spills its flood into the Athabasca, that is bearing you away on its bosom to Athabasca Lake.

Now you come to a ferry — a few little Indians, a canoe or two and a rude craft for freight. If there are horses to cross, they must swim behind the canoe, and when in mid-river have the very life scared out of them by the boatmen, who yell like so many pigs under a gate. The swifter and deeper and more dangerous the water the louder they yell. This frightful hubbub is kept up, as nearly as I can make out, to frighten the evil spirit that is supposed to tug at the tail of a horse in swift water, and to call the attention of the good spirit who may be busy on shore examining the bags that have already

been ferried over. When the ferry reaches the other shore the voyageurs step out on the moss-covered bank, usually about a foot above the water, and the horses, swimming round the raft, chin the land and scramble ashore, shivering from fright and the effect of the cold plunge.

Aside from his appetite and a morbid curiosity to see the inside of everything, including your pockets, the Northern Indian is not a bad lot. He would, if you were hungry, share his last crust with you, and he wants you to divide — that's all.

When you have floated down for something like two hundred miles, you come to the mouth of the Clearwater, a great river that spills itself into the Athabasca at Fort Murray, a Hudson Bay post.

Three hundred miles more of the Athabasca, swelling as it flows, and you drift out into the beautiful Athabasca Lake, ten to twenty miles wide and a hundred miles long.

It is eleven P. M., twilight, the end of the afternoon. As you drift out through the wide

VOYAGEURS.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

mouth of the Athabasca strange sounds come to you, weird, low calls; a million white arms seem to be beckoning, in the half light of the Northern Night, or beating you back with stop-signals. A great white cloud rises from the river. The boat boy turns and says " wavies," and then you remember the stories you have heard of the white geese that go in summer to sit and brood by the banks of the Athabasca, as mosquitoes breed on the Yukon. A mother goose, emerging from the margin of the river, sweeps so low that the wind of her wings is felt upon your face. These geese are so numerous here that men have often killed them with sticks. One man shot a thousand last autumn and froze them for food upon which to feed through the long sunless winter. Across a narrow neck of the lake you can see the lights of Fort Chipewyan, a fine Hudson Bay post perched on the rugged rocky shore, very pretty and picturesque.

Here you may rest as long as you will, enjoying the change of fare. You may have good fishing and shooting, if you have the nerve to

murder the tame, trusting " wild things " that haunt the shores, good tobacco for your pipe and Hudson Bay rum to rub on your hair.

By this time you will be under the spell, and long to see it out — to drift on and on to the end of the earth, to rest on the northern rim of the world, peep over and look for the lights o' London. If you feel like that get into your boat, drift down the Slave River to Great Slave Lake, and then skirt the southern shore round to the west end of the lake. As you drift westward you will notice that the lake is narrowing, and by and by your bark will be sucked into a swift stream. Here you kiss your hand to home and mother, for this is the beginning of the mighty MacKenzie River, and if you stay with it it will carry you out to the northwest corner of this continent, a thousand miles from Great Slave Lake. And ever, as you drift, you will be full of a sense of slipping away from the central support of this great circus and of being drawn in under the edge of the tent. At times this sensation will seem so real that you will fancy your bark wedged in under the arch of

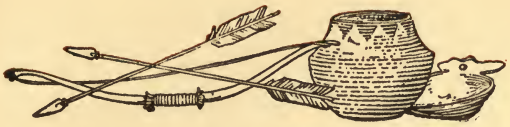
the curving sky. But if you drift on and on, say twenty hours out of every twenty-four, pulling a little where the current is slow — forty days should fetch you out into MacKenzie Bay, and to the open sea. Here you may hibernate for the winter, or, if you have acquired the art of the Orientals — the art of putting yourself to sleep, that will be better. But if you know not how to hibernate and cannot put yourself to sleep, take my advice and keep out of the MacKenzie and clear of Great Slave Lake.

When you have tired of Athabasca, and the "wavies" whose white wings fan the silent shores, row out into, and up the Peace River, that has a nice name. When you have rowed and poled until your boys are weary you will round a long bend in the quiet stream, and if it happens to be twilight you will see an electric lamp shining on the shore. Here you will find a fine flour mill, and when, an hour or two later, the sun swings out of the earth only a few hundred yards, by your guess, from where it sank to rest at the end of the long afternoon, you will

find on the banks of the Peace River little fields of growing grain. When this wheat is ripened they will reap, and thresh it and sell it to the miller for $1.50 a hushel.

Having satisfied yourself that the mill is a mill, you secure a small sample of the first run of flour, to show the " Missourians," who will need to be shown, you pull out for Peace River Landing — 600 miles from Lake Athabasca. Here you have your first, last, and only portage on this long loop. It is eighty miles over to Lesser Slave Lake. Like Great Slave Lake the Lesser lake has a Slave River, down which you drift to the Athabasca River, thence on down to Athabasca Landing, from which point, you will remember, you set sail less than half an hour ago.

Try this eleven-hundred-mile loop some day when you have nothing better to do, and it will take you into a strange new country, a vast weird land where the white geese brood and there are eleven hours of afternoon.



The Woes of Huntin'-Trouble

I

Flowers, awake! The birds are singing,
And the warm south wind is sighing,
Whispering, sighing in the cedar,
In the hemlock and the piñon,
In the warm coves where the ferns are,
Where the sun shines down the cañon;
Spring has come.

The rills go laughing
Down the vegas, where the willows
Dip their tassels in the water,
And the brook-trout leap to catch them
While their fins like jewels shimmer
In the sunlight; till the laughter
Of the rill is lost for ever
In the roaring of the rapids
Of the San Juan.

WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI

Little wild flow'rs,
With their dew-wet eyes are peeping
Through the grass upon the South hills.
Joyous Spring!
And yet the Red man
Joyeth not; but with his rifle
Treads the hills; for he is restless.

There's the spirit of the warrior.
Now the blood of his forefathers
Floods his soul; for in the Springtime
They were wont to go to battle.
Things have changed. There are no warriors
And no war. The blue smoke curling
From a hundred happy hogans
Speaks of peace; and half-white children
Play about.

A white dove hovers
O'er the grave of Hoskaninni.
Not a wave that leaps and lashes
On the shores of the big water;
Of the restless Colorado:

But brings to the sunlight shining
Flakes of gold.
Oh! wondrous country,
Summer land of running water,
Land of sunshine, gold and pesos;
This is truly God's own country
Little changed.
Here mountain sheep play
On the hills; and in the Valley
Leaps the roe: Upon the desert,
Only two sleeps toward the sunset,
Horses wild, with hoofs of agate,
Touch the desert sands and vanish,
Fading where the earth and sky meet,
Far away.
Here, in the valley
Now is Summer. In the Summer,
On the mountain there is Winter;
Flowers and snow, and snow and flowers.

II

" Peace to you," quoth Manuelito
As we met beside the river
" To the Ute and to the white man,

WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI

To the cowboy and the soldier;
Peace to all.
On yonder mountain
See the cold white snow has drifted
O'er the grave of my dead brother,
Of the War Chief, Hoskaninni;
He is dead, and with him war dies,
I have said.
Poor Hoskaninni!
We have cached him on the mountain,
On the rugged storm-swept mountain.
All his life had been a battle:
One continuous round of battles.
'Twas his wish," quoth Manuelito,
To be buried on the mountain,
Far above the friendly shadows
Of the piñon. Let no flowers
Bloom above his grave, but let him
Hear the roaring of the lion:
Hear the winds wail in the cañon,
Let the lightning leap about him
And the thunders roar and rumble
In the crags where he is sleeping.

HUNTIN' - TROUBLE

" Manitou! he was my brother,
Was my wild and wayward brother,"
Prayed the gentle Manuelito,
" I have try to be good Injin,
And I pray he may be pardon,
And that I may some day see him
In the hogan made of pesos;
Where sweet milk runs in the rivers
And tobacco grows like cactus
By the springs of happy water;
Where the cowboy cannot enter:
I have said.
Sit here beside me,
Hosteen-paper-talk, and tell me;
Is it true you are so many?
I have heard from Hoskaninni,
That your people are as many
As the sands upon the desert,
Or the grasses in the valley.
He has said that in the city
More than we are have no hogan,
Have no home; but walk and wander
Up and down. Like ants they wander
Hopelessly lost."

" Yes, Manuelito,
We are very, very many.
See! the sands that I am holding
In my hand are all the Red men,
And the sands upon the river
Are my people. We have guns that
Shoot a half a sleep; the bullet
Then explodes and wrecks the whole world."
" Then I may not hope to kill you? "
" Never, never, Manuelito."
" Peace be with you, then," he murmured,
As he sighed and rose and left me.

III

Down the side of Buckskin Mountain
Came a pack-train winding slowly,
Sunset shadows gloomed the valley.
Featherless, without his hogan,
Strode the great Chief, Manuelito.

Hosteen Throw-the-rope, the cowboy,
Mumbled with the old Chief's daughter.
Gracefully she shied the dagger
From her brown and nimble fingers,

From her nose and chin, then laughing
From her teeth she threw the dagger
Hilt-deep in the house behind her.

" Wantawalla," said the cowboy;
" I have almost learned to love you.
You are better than you're painted.
Oh! to see your twilight tresses,
Not unlike a horse's whiskers,
Falling, as the dark Missouri
Falls about its banks, about your
Fascinating neck and shoulders!
Hued like to a brand-new saddle.
Wantawalla, you're a lula."

Now the pack approached and halted,
As the old Chief, Manuelito,
Blocked the trail and grunted, " Howdy."

While the trader showed his trinkets,
From his tent came Shoot-the-Rabbit,
He was Wantawalla's brother
And the Prince of Rabbit Valley.

Deftly from the pedlar's paniers
Came a can branded " Chicago."
Not lard filled it. Shoot-the-Rabbit
Quickly cached it in the willows;

And the old Chief, Manuelito,
Saw the play — winked at the cowboy.
Then the gentle Manuelito
Asked the trader to unsaddle,
Pass the night at his plantation,
Which he did.
Just after midnight,
Hosteen Throw-the-rope, the cowboy,
Made a sneak, secured the liquor
And lit out for his dominion
Over in the San Juan Valley.
'Bout ten-thirty the next morning
Hosteen Move-the-store, the pedlar,
Hit the trail.
Old Manuelito
Was much pleased for he did hanker
For the bug-juice in the willows.
Noble Chief! you should have seen him
When he tumbled to the fact that

HUNTIN' - TROUBLE

Hosteen Throw-the-rope, the cowboy,
Cruelly had stole his liquor.

Had he driven off his cattle,
Stole a horse, or even taken
Wantawalla from the hogan
He might hope to be forgiven
By the Chief.
" Cayuse! " he shouted,
Which means horse, to horse, as we say.
" You can bet your bottom pesos
I'll get even with that cowboy;
I will cut his hair and whiskers
So his mother-in-law won't know him,"
Quoth the high Chief Manuelito.

Now his daughter, Wantawalla
Boarded an unbridled broncho,
Headed toward the San Juan Valley;
Seeing which her father shouted:
" What do you? "
" I go," she answered,
" Now to warn and save my lover."
" Leave me? "

" Even so," she answered,
As she vanished down the Valley.
'Twas a goodly sight to see her,
Swaying, swimmering like a swallow
O'er the vast and verdant Valley,
With her black hair blown behind her.
Wantawalla *was* a lula.

Then the Chiefess, Distant Thunder,
Came from out her tent and squatted
Near her husband, Manuelito;
And she crossed her bony fingers,
Like the toes of a dead turkey,
On her lap.
They called a council,
And the War Chief, Huntintrouble
Volunteered to lead the warriors
Out against the cruel cowboys.
" Navajo," he said, " has never
Yet been conquered. We will use our
Guns and pistols on the cowboy
And take chances on the soldier."

This, as near as I can tell it,
Was the cause of the uprising
On the San Juan reservation.

IV

" Woe is me," quoth Manuelito,
" We have had a world of trouble;
Times are hard and silver falling.
Pelts that used to bring two pesos
Sell for one. Our sheep are dying
On the hills for want of water;
And the house of Manuelito
Is divided. Huntintrouble
Spoils for war, and Wantawalla,
Oh! my poor lost Wantawalla! "
And the great Chief bowed in sorrow.

Manu's daughter, Wantawalla,
As you know had run away with
Hosteen Throw-the-rope the cowboy,
He's the cuss that caused the trouble
On the San Juan in the Summer.

Muldoon Day has been appointed
Agent for the Utes and doubtless
He'll make trouble on the river.
Sunday week he sold or traded
To the War Chief Huntintrouble
Two large sticks of giant powder
For rolled oats.
The old Chief brought them
To the hogan of his brother,
To the house of Manuelito,
And the aged Distant-Thunder,
Manu's wife, prepared to cook them.

While the giant powder roasted
Came the Ute slave to inform them
That without the hogan waited
Hosteen Throw-the-rope, the cowboy,
With their daughter.
"Let them enter,"
Shrieked the War Chief Huntintrouble
As he grasped his loaded rifle.
He did hone to do the cowboy
For his heart was full of murder.
Not a word spoke Manuelito

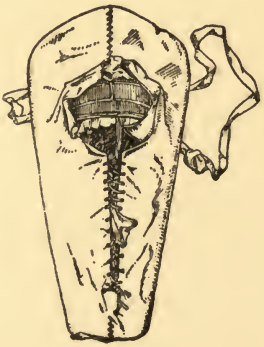
He remembered how the cowboy
Had purloined his can of liquor;
That was not to be forgotten.

Slowly swung the door — they entered.
Now the heart of Distant-Thunder,
When she saw her daughter, melted,
Open-armed she ran to meet her.

Quick the War Chief Huntintrouble
Raised his rifle, and the cowboy,
Seeing which, did then get action,
But before he pulled his pistol
Lo, the dynamite exploded
And the War Chief hit the ceiling.

Through the roof old Huntintrouble
Took his flight. Poor Manuelito
Lost an eye.
Young Shoot-the-Rabbit
Who was hunting on the mountain
Hastened home; his frightened Father
Thus explained:

" Your wicked uncle
Raised his rifle to do murder
When the rolled oats we were roasting
Did explode like white man's cannon,
Thunder like."
" Where is mine uncle? "
" In the top of yonder piñon."
" Is he dead? "
" Well, I should rather."



Lanuna

I

" Good night, my love; now you must go,
For if my brother finds you here
He'll kill you. O! my life, my dear,
He'll kill you and I love you so."

" My love," he said, " be not distressed,
Your brother and his bloody band — "
" Yes, yes," she sighed, " I understand,"
And hid her face upon his breast.

" My brother! yes, I know, I know,
The blood, so different from thine,
That fills his veins flows here in mine;
You hate him and I love you."

Her deep dark eyes were filled with tears;
A sorrow she could not control
Hung on her heart; her very soul
Was haunted with a hundred fears.

" Lanuna! O, my priceless prize,"
He murmured. As he held her there,
The wind-made wimples in her hair —
The moon-lit lustre of her eyes —

The thousand, thousand subtle charms,
That only blinded love can see;
That would be lost to you and me —
He had and held her in his arms.

" O! fly with me across the plain,
And we will fast nor pause to sleep
'Til we have crossed the stormy deep
And reached the verdant fields of Spain.

" I'm weary of this ceaseless strife
Where all save you show grinning teeth,
And naked knives flash from the sheath,
And murder is the price of life."

" My life! " she whispered, " I would die,
A stranger in that far-off land,
With no one I could understand."
Then from her soul came such a sigh

LANUNA

As one would breathe with his last breath,
  At midnight watching for the dawn,
  When every ray of hope was gone,
And waiting for unwelcome death.

. . . . . .

" Good night, good night," the pale moon climbs
  The Buckskin Range. With silver light
  She floods the vale: " Good night, good night;
Good night, good night," an hundred times.

II

The silent moon rose up and fell,
  While to their ears in that fair spot,
  Came gentle music that was not
Unlike the tinkle of a bell!

A low, sweet, soothing sound of rills;
  And noiselessly the western winds
  Brought down the perfume of the pines,
And scent of summer from the hills.

And save these songs there was no sound;
  And when the moonlight left the land
  Her brother and his bloody band
Crept lizard-like upon the ground.

Crept closer; and the chief could hear
  His sister's almost whispered cries,
  The heart-beats and the subtle sigh;
Almost the trickle of a tear.

Then swiftly, as a warrior can,
  Her brother at a single bound
  Sprang forward like a hunting hound,
More panther-like than like a man.

And heeding not Lanuna's cries,
  His comrades came, tied Pablo's hands,
  And tied his feet; and in the sands
They trampled him before her eyes.

III

With fettered arms he beat about,
  All night he beat upon the ground
  Until there came no sigh or sound —
Poor human strength had given out.

LANUNA

He fell asleep and in the spell
  Came days of boyhood back again;
  He saw the sunny fields of Spain,
All things he loved so wildly well.

He dreamed, and joy was in his heart;
  He seemed to see Lanuna there
  With bridal wreath upon her hair;
Heard some one say: " 'Till death us part."

In dreams he saw their honeymoon
  Glide smoothly o'er a cloudless sky;
  Prayed God that love might never die,
Or that it died not over soon.

And while he slept Lanuna stole
  From her hogan, for well she knew
  A vale where slumber roses grew.
Then sudden on her troubled soul

Came a new fear; for she had dread
  That she might fail while wandering through
  The vale of sleep. " O! Manito,
Keep me awake till he is dead.

" Then close my weary eyes in sleep;
  Together let us sleep and dream
  In this low vale, beside this stream,
Where silently the willows weep."

IV

And soon among the guards she crept
  With the pale flowers in her hand,
  As one would wield a magic wand
She fanned their faces while they slept.

What boon is sleep; to some it brings
  Surcease of sorrow; and to some
  In sleep life's brightest visions come.
Her keen knife severed the taut strings

That he had tried in vain to break;
  She freed his hands and fettered feet;
  She touched his lips with kisses sweet,
And with the touch he was awake.

She wept; and kissed his wounds and scars.
  " Be swift," she whispered; " we must fly;
  Together we shall live or die."
And guided by the friendly stars,

LANUNA

All noiseless now their swift feet fell,
  As on beneath the jewelled dome
  They hurried, flying from her home,
The humble home she loved so well.

Now, each upon a trusty steed,
  They dash adown the silent gloom,
  O'er meadows freighted with perfume.
Still on and on and on, they speed

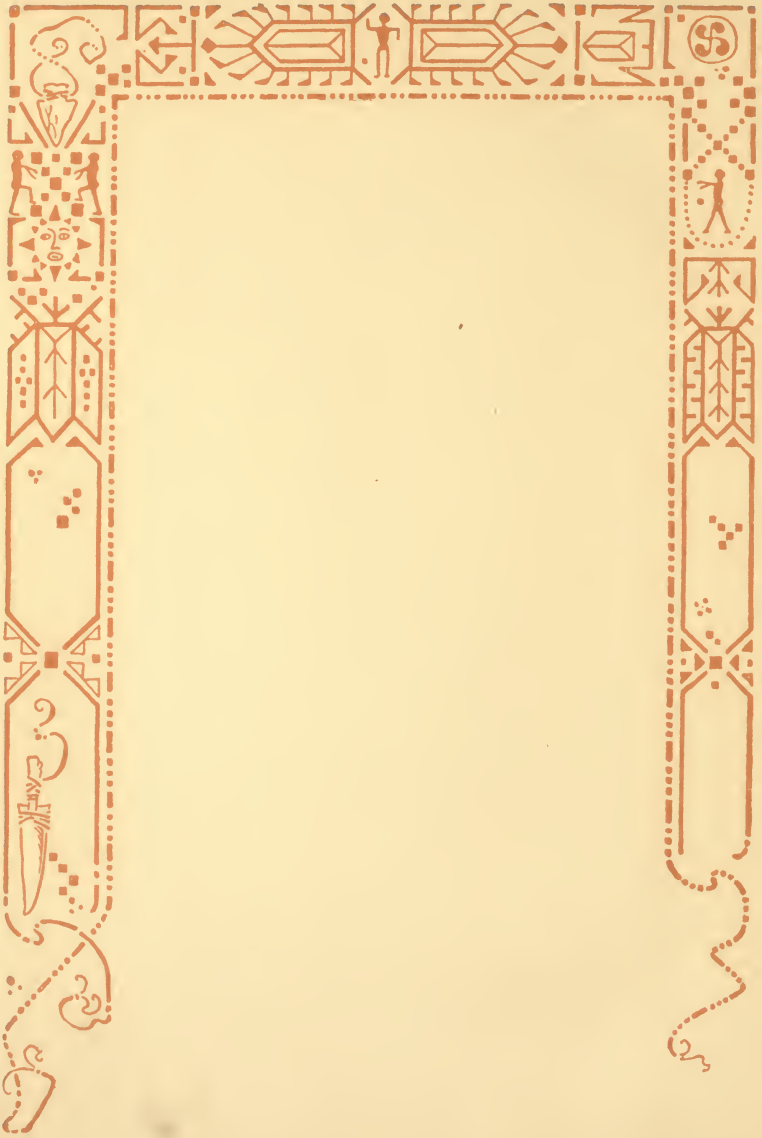
O'er vale and hill and stony steep;
  The half-wild horses take the rein,
  And bear their burdens o'er the plain,
And out beyond the vale of sleep.

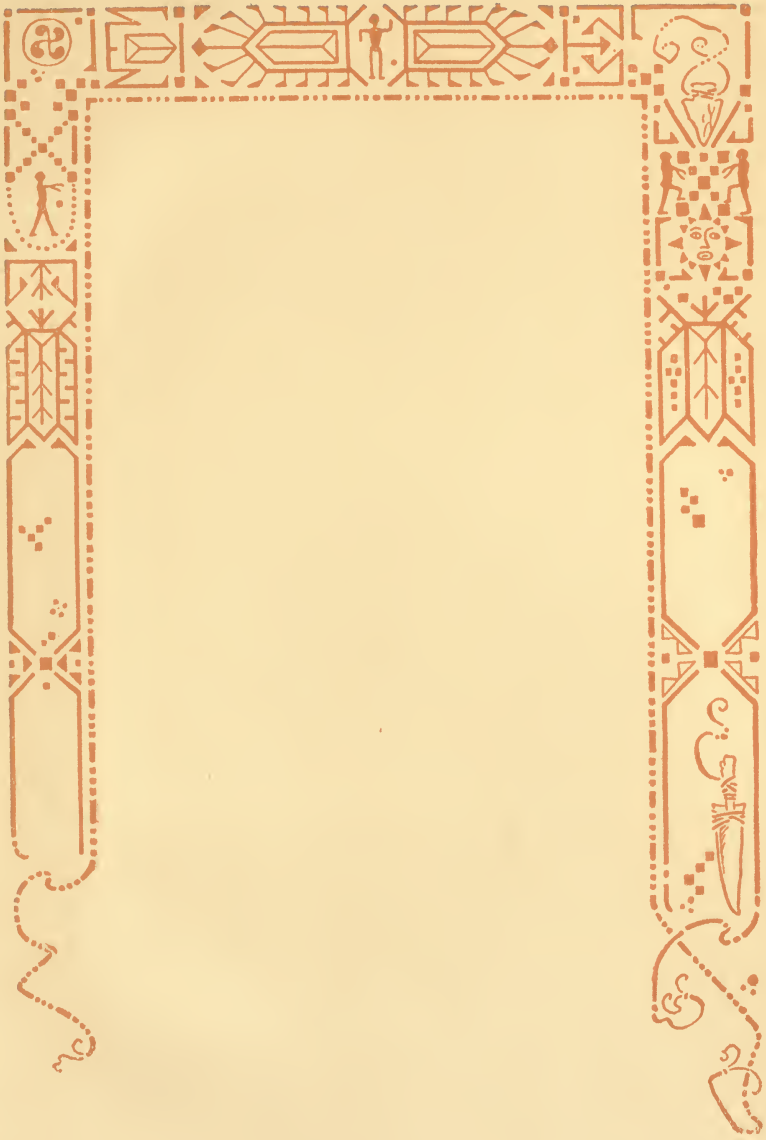
Like two black birds they cleave the air;
  Like sable ships without a sail,
  They sweep so swift athwart the vale
The lion leaves it for his lair.

And, leaping over running rills,
  The wild deer and her frighted fawn
  Stand trembling; while before the dawn
The lean coyote seeks the hills.

Still on, and on, while out behind
Lanuna's loosened tresses flowed
And almost hid the horse she rode,
Blown backward by the rushing wind.

THE END.





14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.
RENEWALS ONLY—TEL. NO. 642-3405
This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

APR 28 1969 11
RECEIVED
APR 21 '69
LOAN DEPT
JUL 28 1973
REC'D LD AUG 1 '73 -2 PM 73
Univ of Arizona
INTER-LIBRARY
LOAN
JAN 25 1974

LD 21A–40*m*-2,'69
(J6057s10)476—A-32
General Library
University of California
Berkeley

914507

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY